



Rec'd 29th Dec.

# The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—Humboldt's Cosmos.

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

## News of the Week.

THE English world is in suspense, waiting; for the Parliamentary battle which has been postponed until next Monday; and for the battle, at or about Bucharest, between the advancing Turks and the retreating Russians, of which we may expect hourly news.

The meeting of Government "supporters" (who are always voting at least against the Government's propositions) at Lord John's official house, last Monday, was only successful in staving off a crisis for a week, and, perhaps, also, in preventing some personal impertinence, from Palmerstonian liberals, to the Duke of Newcastle. But the conference did not produce any better feeling between "the leader" and the led; those who spoke at all, spoke of their disappointment and disgust with Lord John Russell's conduct: and as the mass of invited gentlemen, who did not speak, left the room while Lord John was settling with the Irish members about Tenant Right, we may infer that no very affectionate or respectful party feeling prevails. The general question asked by these gentlemen of one another was—why were we invited here at all? not that they took the constitutional ground, that these private Parliaments are improper, but the reason of convenience—all that Lord John coldly said, being precisely what he could have said publicly. In fact, Sir John meant to have said a good deal more, had he seen that the tone of his audience was pleasant; but it was not: he is going down, amid general contempt: and the whole Whig party must be startled at finding, from what certain Radical members intimated on the occasion, that those Liberals who still adhere to the notion that Liberalism must be carried by one or other section of the aristocracy are beginning to think that the Peelites are the party for the "popular members" to follow. All that is proffered by partisans, in explanation of the anarchy in the ranks of the Government supporters, avoids the real truth,—which seems to be that, while we all know that there is a vast mass of splendid intellect and fine character in the Coalition, nobody knows what the Coalition is at, whether in war or peace. And, of course, it becomes the business of the Radicals to consider whether their duty to their constituents is consistent with a policy which is mere politeness. If the Radicals cannot find fit leaders among the aristocracy, why

not appoint a leader of their own? Would not Sir William Molesworth take the premiership if the Radicals would give it to him? Monday will test our worthiness, as a people, of parliamentary government;—at present Parliament does not at all control the Government, though it renders Lord John unhappy, and occasionally makes him cry.

If the 3,000,000*l.* to be allowed (not new taxes, be it observed, but a seizure of current revenue), on Monday, be conceded, as a credit, without explicit conditions at the instance of the Radical members (among whom we may include Mr. Bright, for, as there is a war, it is his policy to make it pay), the sooner Parliament prorogues, after that, the better:—the Parliament is no use to us: we must trust to the press, which is daily more and more usurping Parliament's functions, as in all countries where there are only forms of representative institutions. Parliament itself is impatient for the "Recess;" and it is on all hands always dealt with as an evil that the session should extend to September. Lord Brougham has aided Lord Montagu in throwing out of the Lords (that is, into a select committee) the bill which was to effect the reform so long urged by Mr. William Williams, and at last adopted by the bold Mr. Gladstone (the payment of all revenue at once into the Treasury, without drawback for cost of collection), on the ground that if certain fixed votes had to come for the "annual control" of the House of Commons, that chamber, having so much more business to do, would have to extend its sittings:—a sort of comment illustrating our complete oversight of what our "constitution" provides for. The Lords, as a House, have been guilty of the same blunder, and which was properly exposed in the Commons by Mr. Bright; for by deciding that they will receive (practically this is what is meant) no Commons bill after the 25th of this month, they limit the action of our representative senate—that is, check altogether what we are pleased to call self-government. The Commons, however, take the "setting down" complacently; and, in truth, they have done so little, and have so little to do (they think), that this would scarcely be a suitable session for them to stand out on constitutional doctrine. This week they have had two days—one day lasting fifteen hours!—on the Bribery Bill, which will get into the Lords before the 25th; and we do not apprehend any great opposition there to the measure,

for the Peers can do very well without bribery, seeing what a splendid yet simple weapon is intimidation,—with which, if they lose all the boroughs, which they won't, they could still contrive to keep nearly all the counties. What time was not devoted to bribery has been spent in mere silliness: on Tuesday, an individual clutches at the public money, or, worse, in a mercantile effort to turn the House of Commons into a patent agent's office in printing-machinery affairs;—Mr. Gladstone talking common sense on the matter with no effect. When the House of Commons thus degenerates and neglects its grand old functions of ruling, why should the Lords be stifled in a London August?

We summarise in our news columns the position of the war; and comment on the negative attitude which our forces have taken up would be useless. Our Ministers will, perhaps—it is not at all certain—tell us on Monday something of what we are to expect: how the negotiations stand, and whether Dundas and Lord Raglan, and Sir Charles Napier, will measure their movements by those of the diplomatists. Our Court is receiving a Prussian envoy, and our Cabinet is answering—or has answered, and is waiting a rejoinder, "in due course"—the Russian proposals communicated through Vienna,—no indications being noticed that Austria is seriously contemplating pushing her troops into Wallachia. The front of the Czar is still firm; his last orders that we hear of were that his generals should re-occupy the lost positions in the Principalities; and, meanwhile, he negotiates. Louis Napoleon, as if expecting nothing, journeys with his sick empress to the Pyrenees.

Where he will meet, very likely, Queen Christina, and, it is not impossible, the "filia pulchrior" Isabel; for Madrid is in open insurrection—half a dozen of the chief towns of Spain have declared against the infamous régime—and Espartero and Narvaez are appearing on the scene. O'Donnell has shown the qualities of a first-rate party chief; and his proclamation is that of a bold statesman. We have no great faith in his hints at "representation"—one is as weary of watching that farce in Spain as in England. But his and Dulce's plan about "a militia" is something more real. We know, in a history which is partly our own, what Spaniards can do, in localities and provinces, when they are trained and have arms in their hands; and as the nation is advanced somewhat into a distinct knowledge of what good

government means, and is of that still noble character which makes it restive under despotism, and especially of a woman's and her minion's despotism, we see, in these ideas of the new men, some guarantee for future "stability." Certainly, at whatever cost, we trust to see the Spaniards left to themselves. Louis Napoleon will remember that his uncle was trapped in Spain; and the English public ought not to forget that Lord Clarendon has bungled too much in Spanish politics to be trusted in an arbitration at such a crisis as this.

The brilliant weather is antagonistic to "public movements" in England. The nation is feeling hot, indifferent to Parliament, and grateful for the fall in the price of corn—a fall that will be retained. We have had, in the Mansion House, a grand fashionable meeting for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; in the police-court adjoining the Egyptian Hall a "great city merchant" being tried, at the very moment, for enormous malpractices in commerce; and, also concurrently, at the west end of the town a *fracas* of respectable and pious people was going on, because they were in doubts as to the sort of Gospel they would endure here. "Which is the Church of England?" is the question in Christian and civilised Belgravia: and that might be answered before our Bishops and our Secretaries of State urge subscriptions for the behoof of the heathen,—who does not miss the Gospel. Assuredly, "Convocation," which met the day after the Belgravian *émeute*, would look less absurd if we could trace in its aimless debates—remarkably like some of Mr. Liddell's "mummeries"—any sign of a will, or even a wish, to deal like honest, not to say Christian, men, with a schism the existence of which renders the lives of half the clergymen—who scowled at one another, on Thursday, in the Jerusalem Chamber—living lies and frauds.

The Oxford bill might also have been a question. The Commons are to consider the Lords' amendments on Thursday next. The most important change introduced by the Upper House was the restoration of popular instead of sectional election. The professors, however, who are anxious for immediate power, side with the Heads of Houses in favour of the sectional plan, and the point will probably be contested in the Commons. All Liberals must rejoice and wonder at the liberalism of the Lords in throwing out that part of Mr. Roundell Palmer's clause, which was intended to protect the school monopolies at St. John's and New College. The "great twin foundations" are nurseries of Toryism of the least respectable kind, hermetically sealed against purifying influences. The same thing may be said of King's, the fate of which is bound up with that of New College. On the whole, the bill, even in its present shape, since it has been cut down by the combined opposition of Tories and independent Liberals, is a great gain. In its original shape it went as far as could well be expected. It was clear that honest Tories and High Churchmen must be considered so long as they exist in their present force; that is, if it is important that the new system should work. Anything which drove that element from Oxford to exclusive seminaries would be a great misfortune—both to them and the Oxford residents.

### PARLIAMENT OF THE WEEK.

#### POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT—THE MINISTER OF WAR.

THE expected great debate last Monday "went off," Lord John having announced to his "supporters," at the private meeting that day, and subsequently to the Opposition in the House, that he meant, next week, to come down for more money for the war; the discussion on general policy and the position of the Government having consequently to be adjourned till next Monday, when a credit for 3,000,000*l.* is to be taken—amounting to a "confidence" vote.

The vote (17,300*l.*) was, however, moved on Monday by Lord John, who explained how matters stood;

the explanation amounting to this, that there could not be an immediate consolidation of the various military departments until the Duke of Newcastle saw his way better. His speech (consisting of merely technical details) lasted half an hour.

Sir J. PAKINGTON said he had listened to the noble lord with feelings of the greatest astonishment and disappointment. The noble lord has told them he had stated the views of the Government, but it appeared to him that that was exactly what the noble lord had not stated. He could only understand from the noble lord that, with the single exception that the commissariat was to be transferred from the Treasury to the new department, the Government had formed no view on the subject, and that they had formed a new establishment, and appointed a new Secretary of State, without knowing what were to be the duties of that officer. He (Sir J. Pakington) agreed that it was impossible for the Secretary for the Colonies adequately to fulfil the duties of the War Minister; but he thought the Government ought not to have rested content with stating their opinions that, now we were involved in war, the duties should not be performed by the Secretary for the Colonies. He thought they had a right to expect that, before the Government came down with an estimate for a new Secretary of State, they were bound to make up their minds what were to be his duties. But the noble lord had done nothing of the kind. (This was heard; the House was evidently disgusted.) Then, how is the administration of the army itself conducted? Why, for the conduct of the army there are no less than five departments. I speak now, of course, of what has been the state of things up to the establishment of this new war department. The Secretary of State for the Colonies was theoretically and nominally the War Minister. You then had the Horse Guards, with the Commander-in-Chief; the Ordnance, under the Master-General; the Commissariat, under the Treasury; and you had the office of Secretary at War distinct from all.

Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT replied, endeavouring, in the first place, to reconcile with his present position his speech early in the session, in answer to Mr. Hume, against any change in the war administration—this attempt to preserve consistency being a complete failure. Then he sought to defend his present position *per se*—

"With regard to the first complaint, I can only say that the Secretary at War has nothing whatever to do with the management of war. The duties of the Secretary at War are duties delegated to him by the Treasury, and he acts as a check on the expenditure of the army; but that advantage would be lost if we had the Secretary for War exercising the whole executive functions of the military department, and at the same time checking his own expenditure. I have heard the honourable member for Montrose complain that the management of the navy is more expensive than that of the army, and I have no doubt that the management of the army has been more closely looked into than anything else, and I believe the reason of the economy in that department is, that one man cannot spend any money without another man's consent, and not a step can be taken by the Commander-in-Chief without the consent of the Finance Minister; and I can only repeat, that it is on that account that the military department has been conducted with so much economy. The right honourable gentleman objects to the office of Secretary at War, and says that it is useless. Well, if it be useless, by all means abolish it, but I do not think that it is useless, and I hope that I have satisfied the committee that it is the vital cause of economy in the administration of the army, and, so far from wishing to see it abolished, I should like to see its operation extended, for I do not see why the whole expenditure for the *matériel* and *personnel* of the Ordnance should not be placed under the control of the Secretary at War. With regard to the question, as to whether the Secretary of State for War and the Secretary at War should be Cabinet Ministers, that is a point upon which I shall not enter, and, with regard to the general question, I can only say that I have looked at it and considered it with perfect impartiality. So far from attempting to prevent changes being made in the present system, I have urged the necessity of change, and I have in Parliament spoken as to what were the evils to be remedied. I am sorry that the right honourable baronet objects that there should be two Cabinet Ministers connected with the War Department; but it appeared to me, and I hope that I shall not be thought guilty of self-sufficiency, that, having been for a long time Secretary at War, and having, during that time, received most cordial support from every one connected with the army, that having bestowed a very considerable amount of attention on this subject, and from my knowledge of the details of the business of the War-office, I thought that my services might be of great value to assist not only in promoting the efficiency of the army, but also in assisting the Government in arranging in a final and satisfactory manner, the various duties of the War Department. I thought that I should not be justified in resigning an office because it had become of, perhaps, a little less importance, and, therefore, I undertook to carry on the duties of Secretary at War; and if the right honourable gentleman disapproves of my doing so, I regret it; but I can only say that the assistance which I may have given to the Government shall continue to be given, and I hope that the result will be, that we shall be able to lay upon the table of the House a detailed plan of the entire change."

The House then emptied, and Colonel Dunne and Mr. George Butt, speaking would-be opposition, talked incongruities to half-a-dozen members. Mr. Butt down, and the vote was summarily voted, amid the half-dozen members' murmuring laughter.

#### ATTEMPTS AT THE PUBLIC MONEY.

In committee of supply, on Tuesday, Mr. GEORGE DUNDAS asked the House of Commons to order the correspondence in the case of Dr. Reid, the ventilator, whom Mr. Dundas represented as an ill-used man, among other reasons because he had been insufficiently remunerated. The House did not sympathise in the demand, the great ventilator being decidedly unpopular; and Sir W. MOLESWORTH, as Commissioner of works, was enabled to snub Mr. Dundas. He said this question had been settled by an arbitration to which Dr. Reid had fully consented, and in pursuance of which 3250*l.* had been paid to that gentleman in full settlement of his claim. Dr. Reid had placed before the arbitrators a complete statement of his case, the matter had been thoroughly investigated during a reference of not fewer than thirty days, and the award had been made upon the maturest deliberation. The evidence alone occupied 5000 folio pages, and to print it would involve a cost of not less than 1000*l.*, an outlay perfectly thrown away, as not two members of the House, in all probability, would read a line of it. If the hon. member himself wished to peruse it, he could do so at full leisure at his (Sir W. Molesworth's) office. (A laugh.) He certainly could not accede to the motion.

Then Mr. BOWYER asked for a committee to inquire into the claims of one Mr. Sturgeon, who was a porcelain manufacturer, resident in France at the time of the first revolution, whose property had been confiscated, and who had never received proper compensation out of the funds placed in the hands of the British Government to meet such cases by the French Government on the Restoration.

Mr. WILSON said that the case had been done justice to, that Mr. Sturgeon's representatives had consented to take a certain sum in full acquittal of all claims, &c. &c.; and on a motion official influence prevailed over a sense of justice, the committee being refused, but only by a majority of one, the numbers being 39 for and 40 against.

Singularly enough, the next question before the House was one of "compensation," and the Government again carried their point by a majority of one. The claim was made by Admiral Walcott on behalf of Captain Dickenson, of the royal navy, who, some years ago, at great risks and sacrifices, and by great energy, got an enormous salvage from the wreck of her Majesty's ship *Thetis*, wrecked (in 1830) off the coast of Brazil, with a vast treasure on board; the admiral on the station having reported against the possibility of saving anything, and having only reluctantly allowed Captain Dickenson to make the attempt. The claim was for a larger allowance of salvage money than the Court of Admiralty had allowed: the service having been arduous, and Captain Dickenson, in prosecuting his work during eighteen months, having expended a private fortune.

Sir J. GRAHAM resisted the application for the usual official reasons: hinting that Captain Dickenson now enjoyed a good situation at Greenwich Hospital, and had no right to be bothering the Government. The announcement of the numbers, when the division came—40 to 41—excited great laughter in the House.

#### FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

Mr. W. WILLIAMS brought the flogging case, in her Majesty's sloop "Star," Warren, commander, before the House of Commons on Tuesday:

Mr. WILLIAMS said, that nearly all the crew of the *Star* had been flogged, that many petty officers had been directed to flog seamen in order that they might be put in a position to be flogged, and that many able seamen had been reduced to ordinary seamen. He on a former occasion asked the right hon. baronet the First Lord of the Admiralty, whether the statement was correct or not, when he said that only a few punishments had taken place on board the *Star*, and that those punishments were inflicted in a case where some seamen had stolen a cask of wine and got drunk upon it. He (Mr. Williams) had received a statement from the *Star*, sanctioned by the crew; and he indignantly denied the charge, and was sure the right hon. baronet had been deceived. He would place his information against the information of the right hon. baronet, and was ready to go into an inquiry with perfect confidence of being able to show that the right hon. baronet had been entirely misled. The right hon. baronet had refused to give the return asked for by the hon. member upon the pretence that the House of Commons was not a fit place for having anything to do with either the discipline or the management of her Majesty's navy. The House of Commons had done more for the navy and the army than any Board of Admiralty or any Commander-in-Chief had ever done, by exposing the cruelties that had been practised in both services. What was the consequence? The practice in the army was to inflict 1000 lashes. That was the *minimum*, and it was contended that they could not inflict a single lash less without bringing the army into a state of insubordination. Well, a motion was made for abolishing flogging in the army, and what followed? The Duke of Wellington reduced the number of lashes from 1000 down to 50. That was done entirely in deference to the opinion of the House of Commons. It was just the same with respect to the navy. 1000 lashes was the punishment in the navy, and which were inflicted with a cruelty that would disgrace a cannibal. Well, he himself brought forward and exposed cases of cruelty in the naval service over and over again; and what had been the consequence? Why, the



Lord J. Russell began by observing "that he had



thought it advisable to assemble those members of the House of Commons who usually gave the Government their support, in order to consult with them upon the present state of affairs, and in order, if possible, to remove some misapprehensions which appeared to have prevailed during the session as to the views and opinions of the Government. There was not, he believed, so much real difference of opinion between the Government and their supporters as there was misapprehension and misunderstanding upon certain points. It was extremely desirable that these should be removed. With regard to the Reform Bill, which he had been compelled to withdraw, he could only say, as he had said before, that he had been personally extremely anxious that the measure should pass in the present session; and he believed he might venture to say that he had never done any act whatever, in the whole of his political life, with so much reluctance and regret as that of withdrawing the measure which had been proposed for the amendment of the representation of the people. Some misapprehension also appeared to exist with regard to the conduct of the Government on the question of church-rates. It had been thought by some that he had expressed an opinion that the hereditary monarchy of this country was tied up with the maintenance of church-rates. He had certainly never intended to say anything of that kind; but he had said that if American institutions were quoted, they might be very useful where they existed, but that it did not follow, because certain things were done in the United States, the same things could be done with safety and wisdom here. He had an opinion on the subject of church-rates. It was the opinion he had entertained before, namely, that it would not be very difficult for the Government to propose some measure for a final settlement of the question. But, having this object in view, he had felt it was not in his power to give his assent to the bill brought in by Sir W. Clay, inasmuch as it appeared to him to leave several questions unsettled, and it would be desirable, in dealing with such a question, to consider the claims of all parties. The noble lord then referred to the appointment of a Minister of War. He said that hitherto the Minister at War had also had the colonies under his charge. Our colonial possessions were numerous, and the business connected with them required great attention. If attention was not given to their affairs, the colonies were neglected, the people felt aggrieved, and things might soon arrive at a state to endanger the integrity of the empire. It became, therefore, a very grave question what should be done under existing circumstances, seeing that we had large colonial dependencies, with a vast amount of business connected with them, and that a war had broken out with one of the great military powers of Europe. The Duke of Newcastle held the seals of the Colonial-office, and in that capacity he had had a great deal to do with the conduct of the war. His noble friend had, with great industry and great labour, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the whole course of proceedings connected with the provision for carrying on the war. He was a most suitable person in every respect to be the War Minister for this country; and it was from such convictions on the part of the Government that his noble friend had been appointed to the new department. With regard to the vote which would be asked from the House of Commons to-night, he begged honourable gentlemen not to suppose that the only thing done or to be done was the appointment of a new War Minister. The appointment was to be followed by certain arrangements and consolidations which had been long ago recommended by various authorities; but those arrangements and consolidations could not be carried out in the course of a few days. They must be the work of time; and although they had been recommended by two parliamentary committees, Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, who in their time gave the subject much consideration, found the difficulties so considerable, that they abstained from undertaking it. The Government, however, had already prepared the outline of a scheme for this purpose, which he should probably explain to the House to-night; but he might say then, that one part of it was that the commissariat, which was now entirely directed from the Treasury, should hereafter be placed under the Minister of War. Then there was the department of the Ordnance. The Ordnance Department had had a great many duties added to it within the last few years; and he was aware that great difficulties had arisen in it from the want of central power upon many important matters. He referred especially to the erection of barracks and other military buildings in this country and in Ireland, but especially in the colonies. It was, in many cases, owing to the want of central authority, doubtful whether a certain expenditure for a given purpose should or should not be undertaken; and after the subject had been dismissed in one department, it was handed over to another, which in its turn referred it to a third, which referred it back to one of the others, because there was really no proper authority which could decide these things. It was therefore extremely likely that great errors of judgment had been com-

mitted. The Government, however, hoped to be able to make arrangements for next year which would put these matters upon a more complete and satisfactory footing, and by which the action would be uniform. The noble lord then entered upon the question of the war itself. He said there was nothing known certainly as to the ultimate resolution of Prussia and Sweden, but that Lord Clarendon had told him that the answer which Russia was likely to make to the demands recently made upon her by the German powers must be one of these three—either a negative, or an affirmative, or an evasive answer. He need not say to honourable gentlemen that there was great probability that the evasive form was the one which would be adopted. He might further state that it was the opinion of his noble friend, Lord Clarendon, that if the answer from Russia was not satisfactory, there could be no doubt whatever that Austria would at once go with the maritime powers.

Then follows one of Lord John's favourite profound remarks:—"The noble lord then said that the events of war were uncertain."

He proceeded:—"This being a great struggle with one of the first military powers of Europe, it would necessarily involve this country in a very great and very serious expenditure; and he should be obliged to give notice to-night, on the part of the Government, that in the course of the next week he should apply to the House of Commons for a very considerable sum. The Government, of course, must trust to the House placing confidence in them with respect to this necessity. He did not for a moment mean to deny that no other Government was possible but the present. He did not know what combinations might be formed. He did not know whether Lord Derby and his friends, or any other persons, might be able to form a Government. But so long as himself and his colleagues constituted the Government, and had upon them the responsibility of the war, of course they must appeal to the House of Commons for its generous confidence and support, for no Government which had not the support and confidence of the House of Commons could hope to carry on a great contest like the present to that successful issue which every person in the country most anxiously desired to see." The noble lord was loudly cheered at the close of these observations.

There came, however, a dead pause; for, as Lord John had said nothing whatever but that the fate of the Government could not be decided for a week, nobody knew very well why he was there, or what he had to comment on.

Mr. J. SMITH, however, who is in a chronic state of surprise at a man of his wealth being left out of a Government like the present, rose and unconsciously developed his bizarre malignancy:—

"Mr. VERNON SMITH, after a few introductory observations, dwelt upon the conduct of the Government with regard to the admission of Dissenters to the University of Oxford. Their proceedings on this question, he thought, were as damaging to their character and position as anything could be in the eyes both of the House and of the country. He added, that those persons who wished for the establishment of a War Ministry were quite as anxious to have a particular man to be at the head of it. They were just as anxious to have the department created as to appoint a particular individual to it. That individual was his noble friend Lord Palmerston. He (Mr. V. Smith) was not disposed to find fault with the Duke of Newcastle. He merely expressed the opinion of those who had asked for the new department to be established. But he thought the office of Secretary-at-War ought to be done away with, and he hoped the noble lord would not allow any regret, at having to discharge what might be a painful duty, to deter him from taking that step at the earliest practicable period."

There being nothing to reply to, Mr. Sidney Herbert rose to reply. Mr. Herbert has been stung by the private laughter at his absurd public position, and proffered an explanation, which was about as ridiculous, and quite as inexplicable, as the recent analogous "statement" of infelicitous Mr. Strutt:—

"Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT said he had given a great deal of labour to the duties of the office which he had now the honour to hold. He had now twice held the office of Secretary-at-War; and, without presumption, he might venture to say that he was pretty well acquainted with all its duties. When the changes now under discussion were first spoken of, he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of Lord Aberdeen, being perfectly willing to submit to anything, or to do anything, that might be considered best for the interests of the country. No personal feelings of his own ever should, he stated to his noble friend, hinder him from acceding to any step that might appear wise to be taken in the interests of the country. The office he held was now one of reduced dignity, and he might, for that reason, have given it up without reproach; but he believed he was best consulting the interests of the country, under present circumstances, by the course he had taken of remaining in it; but he assured honourable gentlemen that no personal object, no personal am-

bition, should ever for one moment stand in the way of any re-arrangement of these offices that could be made for the benefit of the service and the advantage of the country." (Cheers.)

Then came Mr. Horsman, who, as a gentleman on every one's cards for the next Ministry, confessed his interest in the crisis:—

"Mr. HORSMAN said that as honourable gentlemen had been called together, they had assembled for the purpose of plain speaking. They were not met to make speeches, but to do business. He then referred to the religious questions continually coming before the House in one shape or other; and said this subject was one upon which it was evident the Government were not agreed in their policy, and that they differed largely in respect to it from a very important class of their supporters. He also referred to the fact that many objections were taken by their own supporters to Lord Aberdeen; and, without expressing his own opinion on the subject, he must say that a larger number of Lord John Russell's usual friends were of opinion that, under the circumstances of war, it was unfortunate that Lord Aberdeen should be in the situation of Prime Minister. They could not, from Lord Aberdeen's well known views, anticipate that the war would be carried on in a manner consistent with the power and dignity of this country so long as the noble earl held the chief place in the Government. He also said that it was the opinion of another considerable section of Lord John Russell's party, that the noble lord, in taking a subordinate office under Lord Aberdeen, had rather let his party down—that in so doing he had scarcely consulted either their position or their interests."

Mr. HUME came next. His speech amounts to this: nothing shall induce him to give up abject Ministerialism; but he would, on the whole, prefer that the Whigs were not Tories:—

"Mr. HUME approved of the position of Lord Aberdeen in the Government, and said he was very glad to see the manner in which the Peelite party had joined the old Liberal party. It said a great deal for their patriotism, while it gave them a great deal of strength with the country. He told Lord John Russell, however, in plain terms, that when he went against three-fourths or more of his own party, as he had on some occasions, and found himself in the same lobby as those who were called his opponents, he might be quite certain he was wrong, and that he was taking the most effectual course possible to break up and destroy the Liberal party. There were, further, many little matters of concession, things proper in themselves to be done, which the Liberal party could not get either the Government or Lord John Russell to consent to do. There was particularly one which, though trifling in itself considered as a matter of revenue, was of great importance to the country. He meant the repeal of the newspaper stamp, which the Liberal party had asked for so often, and upon which they were so unanimous, but to which they could never get the Government to assent. He thought this a fair ground of complaint. He would certainly give the Government what support he could in the course they were taking with respect to the war, and he would consent to vote them all the supplies they might deem necessary; but he must urge upon them the absolute necessity of their keeping more as one with their supporters. If they were a Liberal Government they ought to act in these respects more in a liberal spirit."

Mr. Bright, who appears to have listened to all these illogicalities with quiet derision, next catches Lord John's eye—and hits it very hard, palpably confessing that Manchester does not countenance a Whig conspiracy, and prefers the Peelite members of the Cabinet:—

"Mr. BRIGHT said that as he had often opposed the Government during the session from a sense of public duty, he did not know whether he was qualified to be an adviser on this occasion. But having received an invitation to attend, he deemed it right to offer a few observations. Alluding to the actual position of the Government, he said he thought a great part of its evils arose from its constitution. They had overthrown Lord Derby's Government, and established one of opposite politics, while they offered office to several members of that administration. They never decided upon any policy which they ought to pursue; and he could not understand how the differences which necessarily arose in consequence could be called apprehensions. The speech of Lord Palmerston upon the ballot and Lord John's speech on church-rates, were not only not difficult to be understood, but it was impossible to misunderstand them. The two noble lords might be quite right, and their supporters quite wrong; but they differed entirely from many of their supporters. The honourable member further complained of the course of the Government with respect to the advertisement duty and the newspaper stamp, and said that, unless they consulted their supporters, they could not expect their supporters to consider their convenience. No Government could exist which disregarded the wishes of its supporters. He would not go into the question of the noble lord the member for Tiverton being the new Minister of War,



for that was a question rather for the House of Commons than a meeting like the present; but, having observed the public conduct of the Duke of Newcastle now for ten or twelve years, he was bound to say he had always found him laborious, intelligent, sincere, and anxious to make himself useful to the country in the offices he had held. And, since nobody could bring a single charge against him of incapacity or inattention, he thought it unfair to propose that his place should be filled by some one else who was presumed to be more fit for it. He then referred to the war; and hoped Lord John would be able to tell the House what the war was for, and upon what terms peace would be accepted. If Turkey was cleared of the Russians, and certain treaty guarantees agreed to, would the war be brought to an end? If it were to be carried on with a view to the dismemberment of Russia, no man could foresee the end of it, or the calamity in which it would involve both this country and all Europe. As to Lord Aberdeen, he had, for his part, great confidence in the noble earl; and was extremely sorry to see the bitter and malignant attacks which were made upon him without justification. He could only express his scorn for the violent and improper manner in which the noble earl had been assailed.

Lord DUDLEY STUART had only one thing to observe; relevant or irrelevant: "Why wasn't Lord Palmerston the Minister of War?"

Mr. LATARD expressed some apprehensions with regard to the conduct of Austria; which, evidently, was the "question." He also indicated that a remarkably self-governed people we are; for he, like Mr. Bright, asked—"Would the Government have any objection to state what the war was about?"

Members began to feel it was getting too ridiculous, and, upon winks from Mr. Hayter, moved off. Then that great Irish orator, Mr. Vincent Scully, rose, and bounded into the question of Tenant Right. It is rumoured that no one was present during this speech but Lord John himself; and that Mr. Hayter had to send a footman into the room to turn the orator out. Lord John then went to his early dinner.

#### NOTES ON THE WAR.

THE English fleet with French troops has sailed from Calais for the Baltic: Napier awaiting them still in the backward position, at Barosund, which he took up to keep his crews clear of the Cronstadt cholera. Sir Charles, meanwhile, is supposed to be carrying on political negotiations with Sweden, the rumour being that the Swedish Government consents to give aid against Russia only on condition of a subsidy. Public opinion is rampant against Russia throughout Sweden. The "French of the North" (as the Swedes like to be called) are especially eager for the French alliance. At St. Petersburg itself, "suspects" are being placed under arrest. There is military activity at the capital, and perfect preparation is supposed to exist at Cronstadt.

At the other end of the theatre of war there is activity so far as the Turks are concerned; but the allies on shore seem engaged in mere make-believe movements; and as respects the fleets, there is no news of them.

The Turks have beaten the Russians along the left bank of the Danube; and the latest accurate accounts leave the Russians falling back falteringly to Bucharest, whither the Turks were pushing on, ready, it was supposed, to risk a grand pitched battle, which the Russians would not well be enabled to avoid.

But, so far as we know, the English are very far indeed from being near Rutchuk, which may be roughly said to be half-way between Varna and Bucharest; and the French (whom the *Moniteur* carried on an impossible 100 miles too much) can claim no credit for the action at Giurgevo (on the 7th or 8th) which the Turks won unaided.

The English troops had broken up their encampment at Varna; and thence the sudden hope that they would push on towards Bucharest, and drive the Russians before them. But they moved only about ten miles, forming two camps, at Devno and at Aladyn; which is just such a movement as when the Lancers change barracks from Hounslow to Hampton. This is unaccountable. According to the *Times*—

"At the same time, we cannot wonder that this delay has occasioned the surprise and suspicion of our Turkish allies, who may not unreasonably conclude that a rough and ready army, which moves without baggage, and often fights without food and pay, is sometimes preferable, for the rude and more desultory purposes of war, to the elaborate organisation and equipment of European troops."

The *Times* speaking with authority, explains this want of energy in this way:—"The English and French Governments have reason to trust the Austrian Government, if only because of its interests, the expulsion of the Russians from Wallachia may therefore be left to Austria, whose Emperor will soon place himself at the head of his armies;—and the allied forces will concentrate all their energy on

Sebastopol. But if the allied armies are to be taken to the Crimea, how is it that they move away from the coast?"

Omar Pasha paid a visit to the English headquarters on the 4th, when a council of war was held. The Duke of Cambridge has been to Constantinople, consulting M. de Bruck, the Austrian Minister. In Vienna the Government is waiting the English and French answers to the Austrian comment on the Russian reply:—meanwhile the diplomatists, in that pleasant city, dining are together—the Austrian potentates entertaining the Russian special-envoy (Gortschakoff) who seems to have taken up a permanent residence in the Austrian capital. Austrian public opinion condemns the young Emperor for being induced by Prussia to delay the entrance of his armies into Wallachia on the 3rd of July: he would have settled the campaign.

The Sulina mouth of the Danube is occupied by British and French troops.

The Empress of Russia has addressed her Prussian royal brother an affecting letter. If he goes to war with her husband, she will be unable to go to the German baths—and her health requires them!

The *Presse* states that Omar Pasha gives his own loss at Giurgevo, on the 7th and 8th, at 1700 killed and wounded.

"The Russian troops are returning from Moldavia into Wallachia." (Telegraphic.)

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has obtained from the Sultan for the English Government a concession of valuable coal-mines in the valley of Heraclea. They are to be worked by an English company, and will supply the allied fleets at the rate of 1*l.* a ton—3*l.* a ton being now paid. Who is to get the fortune from our Government?

Colonel Manteuffel, the Russian diplomatist, left Berlin, not, as supposed, last week, for London, but for Vienna. Count Bernstorff, however, is in London from the King of Prussia, and has been busy all the week with our Court and Ministers.

An extraordinary letter (which we must believe to be a forgery) from Count Nesselrode, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire, to Baron Budberg, has been intercepted and published. It is insolently significant, as indicating reserved Russian intentions, viz.: to keep the Principalities:—

"His Majesty the Czar does not consider it permissible in such times as the present persons of the same faith as his Orthodox Majesty should be under any other than a Christian government. If the Wallachians are too much under the heterodox influence of the west of Europe, his Majesty cannot, as the head of the orthodox Christians, relinquish the task intrusted to him by Heaven, which is to deliver for ever the followers of the true Christian—namely the Greek religion, from the suzerainty of Turkey. Since the glorious accession of his Majesty the Czar this thought has occupied him, and now the time has arrived for accomplishing his Majesty's so long entertained resolve, in spite of the opposition of the other powerless states of heterodox Europe. Only be severe, Baron, towards these lawless Wallachians; the severer you are, the better. Such is the will of his Majesty the Czar."

The visit of Louis Napoleon to the English ships in Calais Roadstead is pleasantly described by the reporter of the *Daily News*:—

"The Emperor and party were received at the grangway of the Haumbil by Commodore Grey, and had all the officers presented to him. He went carefully over the whole ship, and examined minutely the arrangements for the accommodation of the soldiers, with the whole of which he expressed his entire satisfaction. The Emperor partook of no refreshment on board the flag-ship, but after some short and friendly conversation with Commodore Grey and his officers, returned to his yacht and sailed slowly round the fleet. On parting company the usual royal salute was fired, and La Reine Hortense made rapidly for the harbour. The afternoon was beautifully fine, and this, with the noise of the great guns, had attracted an unusually large company to the pier, which, as is well known, is one of the largest and finest in Europe. As the yacht steered slowly up the outer channel the crowd, fashionable and unfashionable, pressed to the edge of the quay and cheered lustily for the Emperor, who stood alone on the top of the deck saloon, taking off his hat repeatedly in acknowledgment of these notes of welcome. It was at first thought that the yacht would go up to the inner harbour, where royal carriages were in waiting and a small military escort; but a sudden thought seemed to strike his Majesty, an order was given, the yacht hauled alongside the pier, and the Emperor, in full general's uniform, stepped on shore, and without a single attendant plunged boldly into the crowd. The effect was electric. A cheer rose that might have been mistaken for an English cheer; exclamations of admiration were heard on every side, and the Emperor hustled his way cheerfully along with hardly elbow room enough to take his hat off now and then in acknowledgment of the loud and repeated cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' Mingled with the crowd were an immense number of English visitors, who gave it as their universal verdict that the Emperor's 'pluck' was a fact never to be gainsayed from that day forward. With the French, this imprudent act of confidence and courage raised a complete hurricane of excitement."

A letter from Vienna in the Paris papers says that M. Godard, the aeronaut, has proposed to employ balloons in military operations, and has induced the Austrian Government to supply him with large funds for the experiment.

Letters from the coast of Abasia dated the 25th

ult. states that Schamyl had forbidden the sale of women in all the tribes that recognised his authority.

In various English ports Russian ships have this week been seized; they were trading under false (generally Prussian) colours.

Count Bacciochi, Louis Napoleon's intimate friend, has received a secret mission in Italy.

On the 1st inst. some more vessels, with Russian prisoners arrived at Constantinople. These men having been questioned on many points relating to the present condition of the Russian army, declared, without hesitation, that the losses and misfortunes sustained during the siege of Silistria had produced such an effect, such utter demoralisation in their ranks, that those divisions could no longer take the field without being remodelled, and drafted into other regiments.

Captain Nolan, whose name will be remembered as the author of an authoritative yet popular treatise on "Cavalry," has been appointed by Lord Raglan to the responsible office of collecting horses in Turkey suitable for our dragoons. Captain Thompson of the 10th Hussars, the son of General Thompson, has been associated with Captain Nolan in this work.

#### CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE Paris correspondent (always lively, if not always reliable) of the *Morning Advertiser*, says:

"A marriage took place here to-day which has excited much sensation, inasmuch as the fair bride has had as many suitors as the fair Helen in the olden time. Miss Corbin, the daughter of that most hospitable of American citizens, Francis Corbin, after having rejected the offers of one-half of the members of the Montard and Jockey Clubs, has at last bestowed her hand and heart and fortune on the Vicomte de Dampierre. The marriage ceremony was attended by a vast number of the noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain, and by a small number of Yankees, whom Mr. Corbin receives in his salons."

The same writer says:

"The Emperor has at last succeeded in converting Paris into a sea-port. Yesterday a large war steamer, the *Galilée*, of 120-horse power, belonging to the Imperial navy, commanded by Lieutenant de vaisseau Lafond, arrived at Paris, and anchored opposite the Tuileries. This vessel, which has been constructed to work by the steam of water and the vapour of chloroform combined, has come to Paris by order of the Minister of Marine, in order to have some improvements made in her machinery, which, from their special nature, can be better done in the capital than elsewhere."

The Pope has sided with the Bishop of Friburg against the Baden Government; and a crisis will now be forced on.

The great camp at Marseilles, delayed by apprehensions about cholera, which was rife in the port, is to be formed immediately. General d'Hautpoul is to command until the Emperor arrives, which will be in about a fortnight. He and the Empress left Paris on Wednesday for the Pyrenees, where the Empress will pass the summer and autumn.

The Leipzig fair has been a failure, in consequence of the war.

According to a letter from Athens, the "purity" of the new Ministers, in suppressing the sale of public offices, &c., in causing great discontent:

"Would you believe it that this new system not only meets with no approval on the part of the *employés*, but in many cases is opposed as much as possible? I give you one case:—Perhaps of all branches of administration the church is the most corrupt, and there are only two bishops who have not paid for their places. Now, the Archbishop of Corinth is vacant, and the Ministry wants to put in a man known all over the country for his integrity and honesty, but the Synod has the right of proposing three names, from which the Minister of Public instruction has to choose. They proposed three names, the first two the greatest scoundrels known for simony in the church of Greece, and an insignificant third man. Of course, if an honest man should get into the important position of Archbishop of Corinth, it would be a death blow to the system of corruption in which every one of the bishops is more or less concerned."

"Scarcely less curious than the ways of the church of Greece were, and are still, the ways in which foreign affairs are conducted. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was indeed a *"ministre des affaires qui lui étaient étrangères."* The king sent his agents about, had his own correspondence with the Ministers at the foreign Courts, and was, in fact, his own Minister."

"Thus, for instance, the Queen whenever she meets in public one of the new Ministers, not only does not salute him but turns away. They have not yet been invited to the palace, and the ladies over whom the *grande maîtresse* has even the slightest influence are forbidden to grace with their presence the parties of the foreign Ministers supposed to be contrary to the ardent wishes of the Court, and other such like absurdities."

"All these childish demonstrations would be of little importance, especially now, when it is too hot either for eating Ministerial dinners or for dancing; but, unfortunately, the animosity of the Court is not confined to them; it carries the spirit of annoyance and vexation into all its dealings with the new Ministry."

The King of Portugal is on his tour in Belgium and Germany. It is said that he proposed to Louis Napoleon to visit him at Paris, and that the Emperor wrote back that he was going to the Pyrenees and could not wait!

A letter from Avignon says:—

"... I give you some positive information as to the state of the vineyards in this part of France. Unfortunately, nothing can be more deplorable than what I have to say of them. It is not now, as in former years, a partial blight, but a universal one; and the general opinion is that the great wine departments of the Aude, Pyrenees Orientales, Herault, Gard, &c., will not give anything like the fourth of a fair average yield. In this immediate district, in many instances, we shall not even so much as vintage."

Count Casimir Bathory, Kossuth's minister and then his opponent, died on the 12th at Batignolles, where he was lingering out his exile. He had given up politics.

The Egyptian Viceroy's son, Ithamy Pasha, whose intended visit to Europe has been announced, is to leave Alexandria at the end of the present month for London, and from here he is to go to Paris. He will also, perhaps, visit Germany. He is to be accompanied by Soliman Pasha (the French Colonel Seive), Major-General in the Egyptian army.

#### CONTINENTAL LOANS.

Austria has perfected the plan of forcing a voluntary loan from the people. Each separate crownland, according to its population, wealth, and general resources, will be obliged to take a certain share. The persons on whom the greatest demands will be made are the landed proprietors, both of low and high degree, the rich conventional establishments, the clergy, bankers, merchants, &c. In order that the people may well understand what is intended, a pamphlet, written in a popular style, will be put into circulation, by which it will become evident to the meanest capacities that, if the loan is not voluntarily taken, a regular forced loan will be made or heavier taxes levied. Although the sum required is so large, no financier doubts that it will be raised within the empire without any great difficulty.

#### AUSTRALIA.

News from the Australian colonies of so late a date as May 11th was received in London on Monday.

At Sydney the colonists are agitating against the New Constitution Bill—which they will not accept.

The Council of Victoria has legalised limited liability in partnerships:—indicating that England is getting behind even her young colonists.

"The latest items of intelligence from the goldfields are not very important. The gross produce, as proved by the export returns, keeps up to the average, though particular localities rise and fall in popularity with remarkable rapidity. Of many new 'diggings' opened since the beginning of the year none have yet developed themselves into rivals of the largest and oldest—Ballarat and Mount Alexander. One of the richest of the new spots has been the valley of the Buckland River, but it was so unhealthy that many persons abandoned it when 'doing a good stroke' in the diggers' phrase, glad to escape with their lives. The mortality from dysentery and a fatal kind of low fever has been frightful. The river flows through a deep ravine, in which, as the high mountain walls on each side excluded the wind, the air was stagnant and, from the scorching sun during the day, intensely hot. At night the temperature rapidly fell to a piercing cold, so that the inhabitants of this unhappy valley were always either in an oven or an icehouse."

Among the passengers arriving in England by the ship which brought this news was Mr. Latrobe, ex-Governor of Victoria, and Mr. Hargreaves, the discoverer of Australian gold. Both had left the colony under unsatisfactory circumstances: Mr. Latrobe not very popular; and Mr. Hargreaves without the award of 10,000*l.* which a committee had voted to him—but which the legislature will not give.

Labourers were extremely scarce, especially for agricultural purposes, and ploughmen were with difficulty to be had. Owing to the news received out, of the war with Russia, the rate of insurance had been considerably advanced, and the exchange for bills on London had risen.

The markets were overstocked.

#### AMERICA.

The anniversary of the establishment of the Republic had been celebrated with the usual ceremonies.

The Senate has passed Mr. Clayton's bill for a more effectual suppression of the slave trade, by restricting transfers of American vessels in foreign ports. A bill has also passed establishing a line of steam ships between San Francisco and Shanghai, touching at the Sandwich Islands and Japan, passed by a vote of twenty-three to thirteen.

The authorities at New York had thought it necessary to issue notice respecting the prevalence of cholera. At Boston, Philadelphia, and at St. Louis, especially, where 207 deaths occurred in a week, the epidemic was spreading. Accounts from the plains state that the disease was creating much havoc among the emigrants.

A very destructive fire had occurred at Philadelphia, which destroyed the National Theatre, the guard-houses, and a number of other handsome buildings, with their contents. An actor, named Shep-

herd, lost his life by returning to the burning theatre in search of his watch.

The *New Orleans Debater* intimates that the clipper ship *Grapeshot* was off the Cuban coast endeavouring to land warlike stores for the use of the disaffected inhabitants of the island.

Several disturbances had occurred in various parts of the country, originated in the growing ill-feeling between the native Americans and the Irish. At Manchester, New Hampshire, a severe fight took place with injury to both sides. A Roman Catholic chapel was very much damaged. At Dorchester, Massachusetts, a Roman Catholic chapel had been blown up with gunpowder. Some persons attributed the destruction of the chapel to the native Americans; others asserted that the Roman Catholics had deposited arms and gunpowder there for the protection of the chapel.

At Bath, Maine, an itinerant preacher, known by the sobriquet of the "Angel Gabriel," lectured against Popery, and so excited the mob that several hundreds proceeded to the Roman Catholic church, broke in the doors and windows, rang the bell, and finally set fire to the building, utterly destroying it. The mob afterwards paraded the streets, manifesting their gratification at this achievement in the most boisterous manner.

#### CANADA.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says:—"Quite a sensation has been produced in the political circles of this country by the debate in the House of Lords on the Canadian Bill, and especially by the remarks of the Earl of Ellenborough and Lord Brougham. Both noblemen urged a separation of Canada from the mother-country, and in a kindly and friendly way. Such an idea, and from such sources, has naturally startled people here, and already the leading journals of the United States, and especially those of the north, are responding to and advocating the proposition."

#### SPAIN.

Our news from Spain is only telegraphic, and is therefore abrupt and incomplete. But we know enough to be sure that the insurrection, so far from being a failure, is a revolution.

Early this week, various towns, principally Valladolid and Barcelona, declared for the "movement." "Down with the ministers!" "Down with Queen Christina!" was the cry.

The proclamations of the insurgent generals are explicit. They mean—"Parliamentary Reform;" and—"a Militia."

A telegraphic despatch from Paris, dated yesterday evening, with news from Madrid to the 18th, speaks of the flight of the Queen-Mother to France; of the Queen having placed herself in the hands of Narvaez; and of Espartero having joined the movement at Saragossa.

There can be no doubt that Madrid has "risen." A late edition of the *Morning Chronicle* gives a list of the new ministers—Narvaez not being among them.

#### A GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

EVERYTHING the Americans do is on a great scale; their railway accidents, when they have them, are very superior to ours. On the Baltimore and Susquehanna line there has been a fearful casualty. This is the account, in brief:—

"The accommodation train then proceeded, but had not travelled a mile before it came in collision with the second excursion train from Rider's-grove, consisting of 14 cars, filled with men, women, and children, in charge of Mr. John Scott, one of the most experienced conductors on the road. When the collision occurred the crash was of the most terrific character, the locomotive of the outward train and the cars of the other being smashed beyond repair, while the groans of the dying, the heart-rending shrieks of the wounded, as well as the mangled bodies of the dead, presented a scene which defies faithful description. The centre of the foremost car was filled with the dead, dying, and wounded, all wedged together in one mass, with the fragments of the car and the seats so compact, that, although the accident occurred at 20 minutes past 6, it was half-past 7 o'clock before all the wounded could be taken from the wreck. Immediately on the occurrence of the accident, messengers were despatched in all directions for physicians, and several from the surrounding country were soon in attendance. About 8 p.m. a train arrived from the city with several other physicians, who did everything medical skill could suggest to relieve the terrible sufferings of the unfortunate wounded. The number of persons at Rider's-woods, when night set in, was 2000 or 3000. About 8 o'clock a train was despatched to the city, with the ladies and children, and about midnight another train from the scene of death reached the city with the wounded, who were immediately conveyed to the infirmary. The news of the disaster reaching the city, occasioned the most intense excitement; thousands of persons, whose relations and friends had gone out on the road to spend the day, repairing to the Calverton station, anxiously inquiring as to their safety."

"Twenty-eight persons were killed and a very large number wounded, many of whom were not expected to recover. The coroner's jury found that the deceased persons came by their deaths from the carelessness of the conductor."

#### OUR CIVILISATION.

THE assize intelligence this week supplies variety in the stock police news of misery, and villany, and madness.

William Campion, a sailor, waiting for a ship at Whitby, was dining one day with his mother; the old lady vexed him, and he took up the carving-knife and killed her. The jury found him "Not guilty" on the ground of insanity: he had, in fact, used incoherent expressions—something like this of the jury's.

Margaret Stanley, the wife of a labourer, stands remanded at a metropolitan court on a charge of Mrs. Sloane-like treatment of her step-daughter. When she was taken into custody, her neighbours in a wretched alley hooted her; but they had never interfered before with her cruelties. "The child was screaming day and night."

John Williams, "an astute cab proprietor" of a single cab, has perplexed a magistrate and baffled the police. He was summoned for not producing his badge and book of fares when called upon to do so by a policeman. His defence was he was the proprietor of the cab, not the driver, and the act only mentioned the driver! The summons had to be dismissed; and the cabmen give this ingenious man the sobriquet of "the Attorney-General."

Daniel Bull, "of athletic make," has been sent for three months to hard labour for brutally behaviouring his wife,—who would not, after all, give evidence against him:—

"As he was about being conveyed with the other prisoners to the police van, his wife anxiously pressed forward to shake hands with him, but he surlily knocked her aside, and was led away to undergo his punishment."

At Marlborough-street Court,—

"George Pilkington, gentleman, was charged with having violently assaulted William Love, corn merchant, 28, Warwick-street, Golden-square. Mr. Love said he was returning home through Regent-street about one o'clock that morning, and seeing a female smoking a cigar, he asked her for a light, but she refused, and went into the road. Seeing she had a little dog, he said, jokingly, 'Will you give me that dog?' Before a reply was made he was knocked down by a horse from behind, and was stunned for a short time; his hat was cut through, and he bled a great deal. The prisoner was pointed out as the person who had struck him, and he gave him into custody.—James Clutton, a jeweller, of Duncannon-street, corroborated this statement.—Mr. Pilkington, in defence, said he was walking with his wife, and having occasion to leave her for a minute, he gave her his cigar, and, on his return, seeing her accosted and chased off the pavement by a stranger, he knocked him down with part of the stick of an umbrella he had in his hand.—The magistrate bound the defendant in his own recognisances to keep the peace for six months."

A most absurd decision.

William Stockley, in Yorkshire, knocks his father down because his father, who was drunk, abused Mrs. William Stockley; the fall brings on a fatal illness, of which the old gentleman dies, and there is a trial for manslaughter. The jury recommend William Stockley to mercy—because the deceased got drunk and gave provocation, and the sentence is accordingly light.

At Owlerton, near Sheffield, some artists, who were merry-making at "a feast" got drunk and quarrelled; in the evening several waylay one and beat him to death. An inquest is being held.

John Sheppard, a London costermonger, has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for conduct to a dog worthy the attention of the great company who met it the Mansion House, on Wednesday, to arrange about the heathen:—a dog, which had bitten some children, was flung into the Fleet-ditch, a rope round its neck with the other end attached to a heavy stone:—

"The rope, however, broke, and the creature regaining its liberty for a short time, was hunted about until caught by the defendant, who, declaring he would have a luck with it, began slowly torturing the animal by heating its head and nose until its eyes started from the sockets, and its howls were so loud and agonising that a large concourse of persons assembled, and the prisoner, fearing summary chastisement, flung it again into the ditch and made off."

William Clark, a farm labourer, at Notting-hill, met a woman, forty years of age, walking across some fields: he "took liberties" with her, and because she was not complaisant he threw her into a pond, from which she narrowly escaped drowned. The defence was she was not chaste; and the magistrate (Mr. Beedon) supported that defence by his absurd comments on the woman's explanations, finally giving a most ridiculous decision—a fine of 4*0s.*

Mr. Millar, a "highly respectable" cotton-spinner, at Ashton-under-Lyne, has failed for about 11,000*l.* and has absconded; leaving bills behind him which are protested as forgeries.

Mr. Joseph Cole, a "great" merchant in the city, has stood in the dock of the Mansion House this week, on a charge of having "obtained 10,000*l.* upon warrants representing goods which were not in existence." The whole city is agitating against this system of fictitious bills.

Mr. Blackstone, whom M.P., has been in the Insolvent Debtors' Court this week. It is a "bad case;" and his long imprisonment (it will be remem-



hered he used to defy the bailiffs with dogs, and was only captured after a campaign) is not to be short-ened—he is sent back to York Castle, the case being adjourned sine die. But there is no crime in the matter. The commissioner said—

“He had given his opinion on the case. It was a most calamitous failure, and had resulted in a great degree from the want of discretion. The case was free from vice, as to the creditors, but it was not one in which he could say, in the words of the act, that the debts had been incurred without culpable negligence.”

#### THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL CASE.

On Tuesday, the jury at last gave a verdict in this case, after five hours of retirement from court:—

“We find that the deceased Alfred Richardson died of inflammation, caused by an operation unskillfully performed by Mr. Thomas Weedon Cooke and Mr. Thomas Wakley, junr.”

The coroner inquired if the jury wished to prefer a criminal charge against any one? Which was replied to in the negative by the foreman.

In the course of the last day evidence not medical, and rather immaterial, was given. Mr. Wakley, senr., the coroner for the county, and who had been charged with an attempt to prevent the inquest being held, was put into the witness-box (where he was hissed) and offered laboured statements to show that he had done nothing whatever to arrest inquiry; and further, that he had done nothing to eject Mr. Gay from his position at the hospital. It will be remembered that the profession was exceedingly indignant at the dismissal, by the committee, of Dr. Gay, an excellent and eminent man; and as Mr. Wakley's son succeeded Dr. Gay, it is not difficult to trace the demand for this inquest on the first fatal case which presented itself to vindictiveness against young Mr. Wakley. Very likely the verdict of the jury is quite just; but do we not know that surgeons are always experimenting in the hospitals, very frequently to the ruin of the poor—most likely pauper—patient?

#### LOUIS NAPOLEON AND MR. ANDERSON.

The Wizard of the North persists in his assertion that Louis Napoleon once borrowed 500*l.* from him. In writing to the *Times* he says:—

“M. Mocquard charges me with having unwarrantably claimed acquaintance with his Majesty Napoleon III., and asserts that ‘L'Empereur n'a jamais connu, jamais vu, le Professor Anderson.’ My answer is, that when Prince Louis Napoleon took a private box of mine for the season at the Adelphi Theatre fourteen years ago, occupied that box very frequently, and did me the honour of applauding my performances, I am afraid M. Mocquard did not form one of his suite. The public are the witnesses I call in court.”

“I should be exceedingly sorry to do or say anything likely to give offence to the great ruler of our brave allies; but, as to whether at any time I have served him or not, is a matter on which he can speak. Most truly do I regret having, in reply to questions, made some inadvertent allusions; but, in a communication I have addressed to his Imperial Majesty, I have given such explanations as will doubtless be considered by him to be satisfactory.”

“Possibly the mistake—for such it is—lies in a small compass. The ‘Wizard of the North’ is the title by which I was known at the Adelphi Theatre, while the Professor Anderson of the *Glasgow Citizen* is possibly thought to be some distinguished person holding a chair in a university.”

The Emperor should set himself right.

#### OMAR PASHA.

The *Times* correspondent, who is at the head quarters of the English troops in the East, describes Omar Pasha's appearance at the review got up for him by Sir George Brown at Devno:—

“Omar Pasha was dressed with neatness and simplicity—no order glittered on his breast, and his close-fitting blue frock-coat displayed no ornament beyond a plain gold shoulder-strap and gilt buttons. He wore the fez cap, which showed to advantage the clear well-marked lines of his calm and resolute face, embrowned by exposure to wind and weather for many a year of a soldier's life, and the hue of which was well contrasted with his snow-white whiskers. In the end and rather sensual mouth, with compressed thick lips, was traceable, if physiognomy have truth, enormous firmness and resolution. The chin, full and square, evinced the same qualities, which might also be discerned in the general form of the head. Those who remember the statue of Radetzky at the Great Exhibition will understand what I mean. All the rougher features, the coarse nose, and the slight prominence of the cheek bones, are more than redeemed by the quick, penetrating, and expressive eye, full of quiet courage and genius, and by the calm though rather stubborn brow, marked by lines of thought, rising above the thick shaggy eyebrows. In person he appeared to be rather below than above the ordinary height; but his horse, a well-trained gray, was not as tall as the English chargers beside him, and he may really be more than 5 feet 7 or 8. His figure is light, spare, and active, and his seat on horseback, though too Turkish for our notions of equestrian propriety, was firm and easy. He wore white gloves and neat boots, and altogether would have passed muster very well in the ring at Hyde-Park as a well-appointed quiet gentleman. As he retired from the field, the men, who had all been dismissed, thronged, in shirts and fatigue jackets, to the front of the lines, and cheered him enthusiastically, to his great delight.”

#### MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

The high church confederation for looking after the religion of the heathen, had a meeting at the Mansion House on Wednesday, putting the Lord Mayor in the chair, where his lordship individually indicated, with his usual condescension, how complete is our education at home. The Archbishop of Canterbury moved the first resolution:—

“That the recent providential openings for the diffusion of Christianity in heathen lands constitute a call upon the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to extend its improving operations.” (Cheers.)

His grace showed, amiably, that the Gospel was turning the sword into the “pruning-hook” in savage lands,—and concluded by asking for some subscriptions.

The Bishop of London (“who was received with applause”) supported that suggestion in an eloquent speech; and being, just now, undergoing abuse for Puseyism, he thought it wise to indicate that he had even a greater horror of the Roman Catholic than of the worshipper of Mumbo-Jumbo, as thus:—

“In the Mauritius there were half a million of souls, and only five Church of England clergymen. The Roman Catholics, on the contrary, had a well appropriated mission, and were labouring earnestly and zealously, and but too successfully.”

The Bishop of New Zealand moved the second resolution. Referring to the determination of the Government to discontinue the salary hitherto paid him, the right rev. prelate said he did not complain of that decision, and was willing to make the experiment of maintaining a self-supporting episcopate. No one was so well qualified as he was to do so, because twelve years' residence there had made him acquainted with the best fern roots, the haunts of birds and fishes, and the processes of native cookery. (Laughter and cheers.) They would see, therefore, that he was prepared to return to his diocese, and dig, or beg, or both, while engaged in the duties of his office. He said this in order to remove any doubts as to the course he would take under the circumstances he was placed in. (Cheers.) His lordship seemed to think that every missionary should be a bishop, there being something, in his opinion, peculiarly touching in the air of a bishop:—

“Any earnest Christian man going into a heathen land with the authority and graces of a bishop, would be able to create around him an effective native ministry.”

Sir George Grey spoke generally, but guardedly, to the effect that a missionary was a good thing, and he illustrated his case like a man of genius; “for,” said he, “when you are shipwrecked on a savage island,” it is pleasant to find that a missionary has preceded you, and taught a Christian dietary to the barbarians!

The Bishop of Oxford proposed a resolution pledging the society to support new missions, and confessed that among all his noble and great friends, who, knowing him, must be Christians, he could not get money enough to support a Natal mission:—

“The resources of this society were so crippled that the other day, when it was found that in consequence of a misunderstanding as to the amount the society could place at the disposal of the Bishops of Natal and Graham's Town, that they were deficient 300*l.*, they could not find a single quarter from which that paltry amount could be got. Out of that difficulty had originated that great meeting, and, God willing, not only the 300*l.*, but the 20,000*l.* for which they asked, should come.”

The Bishop of Natal seconded this resolution.

Money was subscribed, and then the archbishop pronounced his benediction—and the company separated for dinner.

#### THE QUEEN AND THE ARMY CLOTHING.

In the Report of the proceedings in the House of Commons on Thursday evening, we find

Mr. S. HERBERT said, the new patterns for the Army clothing were to be submitted to her Majesty to-morrow.

We would have given something to be present at the interview between her Majesty and the Secretary-at-War. We hope one of the best-looking men of the Line was taken to the Palace by Mr. Sidney Herbert, that the Queen might judge of the general effect of the costume, which we find is to consist of what we have for years recommended—the frock and the helmet. It would naturally cause her Majesty a pang to part with the “Albert,” which has made our men look so comical for the past ten or twelve years, but the feelings of the wife are in subjection to the wisdom and duty of the Sovereign, and therefore we can believe that the queer thing is for ever put aside. We hope, however, that her Majesty has gone further than merely inspecting the cut and the appearance of the costume. We trust that, in her care and consideration for her good soldiers, Queen Victoria has graciously condescended to feel the cloth—to hold it up to the light—to rub it, and stretch it—and so satisfy herself that the material is something better than that which, under the old system, was forced upon the soldier.—*United Service Journal.*

#### MR. CARDEN'S WOOLING.

The *Nation* says:—

“We have noticed in the press and throughout society, a sort of mawkish, half-apologetic sympathy for Mr. Carden. It is a diseased pity, which needs to be cauterised. Either the man is a raving lunatic—dangerous to leave at large (and there is nothing in his antecedents as the associate of the Tipperary gentry to indicate this), or he is a cowardly culprit who has richly earned the convict brand, since the law refuses to make his life the forfeit of his unmanly outrage.”

“Mr. Carden is a gentleman, and was madly in love,” it is pleaded. Unluckily for his chivalry, the wealth of the coveted bride was even more remarkable than her charms. Abduction is the most vulgar and least defensible crime that stains Irish annals; and it is remarkable that vulgar greed—not generous passion—has been nearly always its mainspring.

“We should like to inquire what pity or pardon the Pharisees, who are so lenient to this deputy-lieutenant and justice of the peace who has overridden all law in the prosecution of his amour, have ever shown to the frantic outrage of a plundered, evicted, famished Tipperary peasant? It was not to stimulate his jaded passions, nor to quench his lust for gold or beauty, that he has been known, at times, to rush from the roofless and smouldering walls the law had left him, and with the agonised gaze of his wife yet scorching his brain, and the wail of his famished children still ringing in his ears, to deal a wild justice on his oppressor.”

“Taking what the world calls the fairest view of the case, a repulsive and loathsome marriage (for all forced marriages are loathsome) is the dozen of the woman.”

“By what right, then, does society tolerate such an evil? Why do the gentry in Mr. Carden's county wink at a crime always so disastrous, so perilous in example, and in his case so audaciously planned, and if we are to judge by the fire-arms provided, prepared to be carried out with murderous unscrupulousness? Is the old saying in Ireland to be for ever true—‘There is one law for the rich and another for the poor.’”

#### INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT OLDHAM.

We find this paragraph in the *Times*, and read it wonderingly as to the connexion between the working man and the Working-man's Hall, adorned by bishops, peers, and anti-union manufacturers. The patronage of the people by the Earl of Wilton occurs to us as interesting:—

“An interesting ceremony took place at Oldham, on Monday, when an Educational and Industrial Exhibition was opened in the Working-man's Hall, with a view to raising funds for the erection of a new building for the Oldham Lyceum, the one hitherto used having become much too small and inconvenient for the purposes of that institution. By means of contributions from some of the principal English manufacturing towns, and from the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, a very large and interesting collection of objects has been brought together, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Earl of Wilton, Lord Brougham, and the Bishop of Manchester being among the leading contributors. The Exhibition was opened on Monday morning by the Earl of Wilton, who delivered a short address, and a very large number of visitors attended. A banquet took place in the Town-hall in the afternoon to celebrate the event, at which Mr. James Platt, of the firm of Platt Brothers and Co., the eminent cotton machine manufacturers, presided; and addresses were delivered by the Bishop of Manchester, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Mr. James Platt, and the Earl of Wilton, who hoped the establishment of this Exhibition for such an object would have a good effect upon the minds of the working classes, as an evidence of kind feeling on the part of their employers.”

#### A PROPOSED RAILWAY.

The Thames Central Railway is a bold scheme, and, to many, will seem a wild one; yet it is propounded by an engineer who has done, and is doing, great things; and we must be cautious how we venture to smile down anything from such a quarter. At present, legislative sanction is wanting; but the day may arrive when both skill and capital will be forthcoming to complete the work. Let us imagine a railway rising boldly above the level of the Thames, and running along nearly equidistant between its shores. It will run from Westminster-bridge to London-bridge. Its supports will be so light and graceful as to offer no obstruction to the view from Whitehall-gardens and the Temple-gardens, and the few other spots whence a view can be obtained. The railway will, in effect, be a station nearly from end to end, whereby the greater railways may form a junction. There will be a water-way for barques and small craft beneath, and two water-ways for steamers between the railway and the respective shores. By means of floating fenders connected with the supporting columns, the river traffic will be definitely arranged into distinct trains or streams—perhaps with greater facilities for river trade than if no railway existed. There will be approaches from all the bridges, whereby to pick up passengers from everywhere to everywhere—always provided that the existing companies will carry their lines from the present termini to the banks of the Thames. Barges and craft will receive goods from the railway, or supply goods to it, by a due arrangement of the space between the columns.—*Dickens's “Household Words.”*

## THE HOOD MONUMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT writes—"Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in an account of the ceremony that I witnessed to-day at the Kensall-green Cemetery, viz., the inauguration of the memorial to the late Thomas Hood. The day being one of the finest and most genial that we have had this bitter summer brought out a good assemblage of the friends and admirers of poor Hood; not the common-place, over-dressed fine ladies and gentlemen who usually compose an English crowd, drawn together by idle curiosity or mere invitation, but principally mechanics and artisans, with a sprinkling of literary people and foreigners.

"The site of the poet's last resting-place commands a lovely view over the Surrey hills, with the glorious Crystal Palace, which, had he lived he must have rejoiced in; and on the other side the woody heights of Harrow, with its church pointing skywards. The railway close beneath, with its rushing trains at intervals, recalling one to the bustle of the outer world.

"Richard Monckton Milnes—one of the kindest and most genial of the world's 'curled darlings' who has passed through a life of fashion and popularity untouched and scatheless—had come to do honour to the memory of his brother poet. Nothing could be better in taste and feeling than his inaugural address—a graceful and withal earnest review of Hood's life. His simple character, his goodness, the effect that his poems had produced and are producing amongst all classes, especially those in whose behalf he wrote, the story of his difficulties, and the ready assistance of Sir Robert Peel when made aware of them, were briefly dwelt on by Milnes. The drapery with which the bust of Hood was covered was removed, and the ceremony thus ended, all crowded round the last memorial of the 'people singer,' and thanked the orator in spirit for his loving tribute to the memory of him who 'sang the Song of the Shirt.' These words, with the name and date of his death, compose the inscription—an all sufficient one."

## A TORY VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Press, in its last number, presents an article, in reference to the votes of the House of Lords on the Oxford University Bill, which indicates by its style the authoritative Tory writer:—

"The dislocation of political parties which has of late years rendered the working of our parliamentary Government so feeble and so vacillating, has told with equally powerful effect upon the House of Lords as upon the House of Commons. While the effect has been equally powerful, it has, from the peculiar constitution of the Upper Chamber, necessarily been more permanent.

"When Sir Robert Peel, intoxicated with that power which he owed entirely to party, first meditated the idea of governing without party connexions, two influences arose, which in the course of events were to be substituted for that ancient system of Church and State which a free aristocracy was peculiarly adapted to uphold. These were Bureaucracy and Tractarianism. The first would have secured centralised patronage, and the second aspired to govern the multitude by a theocratic revival. Both, if successful and united, might have formed a strong Government, though at the ultimate expense of public liberty and national character.

"The Newman defection had already opened the eyes of sound Churchmen, however high their views, to the abyss they were approaching, when the Papal aggression roused the entire nation; and that Protestant revival commenced which, if wisely guided, may yet save and secure the liberties and greatness of this country. On the other hand, the fall of Sir Robert Peel was a heavy blow and great discouragement to the developing bureaucracy, although his Whig successors have at times, rather from instinct than design, feebly attempted to pursue his plausible projects. Notwithstanding, therefore, the break-up of parties, and the inconsistent and incoherent conduct inseparable in a popular assembly from the absence of traditional opinions, the tendency of the House of Commons of late years has been Conservative in the best and widest sense of the epithet. Public opinion has operated upon the popular branch, and, in a great degree, neutralised the evil working of the exotic influences introduced by Sir Robert Peel and his disciples, and which, if consummated, would have settled England under a constitution combining the peculiarities of the German Chancery with those of the Roman Synod. Thus, amid the parliamentary chaos, a powerful Conservative party in the House of Commons has gradually formed itself, and is each day receiving fresh accessions of strength. Being the only political discipline extant, the session has witnessed, although in opposition, its accruing power and its frequent triumphs. Though Conservative, it is popular in its sympathies. Faithful to Church and State, it would uphold the Church on a broad and extended Protestant basis; and it would maintain the other institutions of the country by party connexion formed on traditional influences and local authority. It is opposed, therefore, to Centralisation and Tractarianism; and in its objects, as well as in the sources of its power, it is national.

"But in the House of Lords affairs are far otherwise. There external opinion has very little, if at all, modified the condition produced by the dislocation of parties and the Peel system. In the House of Lords the forces of the Whig and Tory parties are about equal, while the party which seceded from the Conservative ranks, under the influence of the late Sir Robert Peel, amounts in number to between thirty and forty, and consequently commands the decision of the assembly. The original features of this connexion appear in

the House of Lords, not only in their original unpopular form, but perhaps even aggravated, and with less disguise. Here we find Ministers of State with no following in the country, while ambitious prelates combine to substitute for the power which political party has hitherto alone supplied in England, the influence of the great corporation of which they are the chiefs, and which influence they are seeking to extend and enforce by means alike audacious and empirical. The statesman, resting on Bureaucracy, will ultimately establish Centralisation; while the bishop, assuming that the whole population of the country is in his fold, prepares for that synodical action which is never for a moment absent from the thoughts of this anti-national confederacy. The Duke of Newcastle may be looked upon in the House of Lords as the model type of the Bureaucratic Minister, while the Bishop of Oxford is the prelate who is to render the Church in England both catholic and popular. Both individuals act under the jesuitical inspiration of Mr. Gladstone, who is prepared at the same time to reform the civil service on Chinese principles, and give the Church of England a Parliament of its own.

"To establish in England centralised authority and priestly domination is not an easy task, and requires no ordinary powers, yet it is one on which the House of Lords, unconsciously no doubt to many of its members, is now actively intent. So far as regards the constitution of this country, it is a destructive process, a system essentially revolutionary."

## THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

In its article on the electric telegraph, the "Quarterly" brings up the latest news as to transatlantic telegraphing:—

"The restless spirit of English engineers, having provided for the internal telegraphic communication of Great Britain and her principal dependencies, seems bent upon stretching out her lines to the East and to the West, so as ultimately to clasp the entire globe. The project of connecting, telegraphically, England with America is, at the present moment, seriously engaging the attention of scientific and commercial men. The more daring engineers are sanguine of the practicability of laying a submarine cable directly across the Atlantic, from Galway to Cape Race in Newfoundland. Now that we have Lieutenant Maury's authentic determination of the existence of a shelf across the North Atlantic, the soundings on which are nowhere more than 1500 fathoms, the feasibility of the project is tolerably certain. The principal question is whether, if a line were laid, an electric current can be passed through 3000 miles of cable. No doubt, by the expenditure of enormous battery power, this might be accomplished through wires suspended in the air, but it is a question whether it can be done along a vast length of gutta-percha coated wire passing through salt-water. There is such a thing as too great an insulation. Professor Faraday has shown that in such circumstances the wire becomes a Leyden jar, and may be so charged with electricity that a current cannot, without the greatest difficulty, move through it. This is the objection to a direct cable between the two continents; if, however, it can be overcome, doubtless the ocean path would in all possible cases be adopted where communications had to be made between civilised countries having intermediate barbarous, or ungenial lands. To escape this at present dubious ocean path, it is proposed to carry the cable from the northernmost point of the Highlands of Scotland to Iceland, by way of the Orkney, Shetland, and Ferroe islands—to lay it from Iceland across to the nearest point in Greenland, thence down the coast to Cape Farewell, where the cable would again take to the water, span Davis's Straits, and make right away across Labrador and Upper Canada to Quebec. Here it would lock in with the North American meshwork of wires, which hold themselves out like an open hand for the European grasp. This plan seems quite feasible, for in no part of the journey would the cable require to be more than 900 miles long; and as it seems pretty certain that a sand-bank extends, with good soundings, all the way to Cape Farewell, there would be little difficulty in mooring the cable to a level and soft bottom. The only obstacle that we see is the strong partiality of the Esquimaux for old iron, and it would perhaps be tempting them too much to hang their coats with this material, just ready to their hands. The want of settlements along this inhospitable arctic coast to protect the wire is, we confess, a great drawback to the scheme; but we fancy posts might be organised at comparatively a small cost, considering the magnitude and importance of the undertaking. The mere expense of making and laying the cable would not be much more than double that of building the new Westminster-bridge across the Thames."

## COMMISSION OF LUNACY ON CAPT. CHILD.

## A LOVER OF THE QUEEN.

A CAPTAIN CHILD, an officer in the Lanciers, went mad some years ago, and was shut up in a lunatic asylum by his family. The Lunatic Friends' Society became acquainted with his case, decided that he was not mad, and insisted on a commission of inquiry. It has been held in Clement's-inn Hall, this week, before Mr. Francis Barlow, a Master in Lunacy.

Sir F. Thesiger, who appeared for the family, and in support of the commission, commenced by complaining of the officious, and, as he said, unjustifiable conduct of the Lunatic Friends' Society, "in meddling with this case; and he then stated the facts, in justification of the conduct of his clients.

The assertion which had been made that Captain Child had been for more than twelve years causelessly placed in confinement by his father, was made

in entire ignorance of the circumstances of the case. Captain Child was the second son of Mr. Child, of Kinlet Hall, in Shropshire, and was entitled to the reversion of 4000*l.* a year on his father's decease. He was now in his 43rd year. In 1838 he became possessed with the extraordinary infatuation that the Queen had a marked attachment to him, and that she evinced her affection in an evident manner every time they met. He had at last even written to her Majesty, inviting her to open a correspondence; and he quarrelled with his brother and other members of his family, who had implored him to desist, and endeavoured to disabuse him of his unfortunate notions. These letters to the Queen, though not signed by Captain Child, were traced to him, and the result was a conference between his father and Lord Hill, Commander-in-chief, and the Marquis of Normandy, the then Home Secretary:—the result being confinement in a lunatic asylum.

The Secretary to the Lunatic Friends' Society produced 203 letters written by Captain Child, while in confinement, some of them in cipher, the key of which had been obtained; and he submitted these in proof that the "party" was of sound mind.

They all, more or less, contained protests against the continuance of his detention, and the legality of his first incarceration in an asylum. In one he had declared that he had never entertained the idea that the Queen had formed an attachment for him since the month of June, 1840, and that he had been misled into the impression that she was attached to him, by what he conceived to be some peculiarity in her manner towards him at the Opera.

The letters were admitted to indicate great mental acuteness, and were written in an excellent, compact, and finished style.

Mr. Leman, of the State Paper office, deposed to having easily succeeded in deciphering the letters. The words "Serat" and "Gemo" meant the Queen; "Lorenzo" stood for Prince Albert; and "Dore" signified the Duchess of Kent. The letters "K.B." meant her Majesty's Ministers; and "Friend" was applied to Louis Napoleon.

Lord Shaftesbury had examined the lunatic in 1852, and deposed that he had then regarded him as of unsound mind.

Capt. Child was then introduced, his appearance excited considerable interest. He is of slender build, about five feet ten inches high, with a thorough military bearing. His answers to the questions put to him were given with great shrewdness. Their substance was that he had certainly considered that the Queen's manner to him at first had been somewhat marked, and he could excuse the letters he had written to her, though he could not justify them. Other persons had thought that the Queen had paid him marked attention. He must decline to say who they were, but he would tell anything to settle the question of his insanity. The Queen paid him attention both before and after her marriage in a marked manner, but he did not mean to say that anything wrong was intended by it, but there was a marked manner. He would much rather not say who beside himself observed it. He had supposed from the Queen's manner that her marriage with Prince Albert was a sham, it was not a fixed opinion, but a mere supposition, which he got rid of, not by lapse of time, nor by treatment, but by proofs that it was not a sham. It did happen that there was something in the Queen's manner, but he would not draw the least inference from it, he would not even say it was intended for him, but it was for some one close by where he was.

The proceedings were then adjourned.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Windsor Barracks officers' row has been somewhat paralleled by a case in the navy:—A Court-martial assembled on board her Majesty's ship *Impregnable*, 104, Captain Wise, on Monday, Admiral Stopford, president, to try Lieutenant Frederick G. Leigh, on a charge of drunkenness. The Court sentenced the prisoner to be dismissed from her Majesty's service. A correspondent of the *Times* gives instances of the system confessed in the Windsor Barracks affair:—persecution of the "Spoon." Not long ago we had a court of inquiry in Dublin, in which it was proved that one of the officers of a regiment, then quartered in the Royal barracks, had been for years the victim of the grossest outrages on the part of his brother officers, with the full knowledge of the colonel, who had made no attempt to put an end to such cruel and disgraceful proceedings. On the occasion which gave rise to the inquiry, a body of the officers had rushed into the victim's room at night, had cut the whole of the hair off his head, close to the roots, and had tossed him in a blanket until he became insensible. A few years ago I was consulted by a young gentleman, only 17 years of age, who belonged to one of the first families in this country, and who had a few months before been appointed to the 4th Regiment, then serving also in Dublin garrison. He informed me that his life was miserable owing to the way in which he was bullied by his brother subalterns, and that that very morning one of the Lieutenants had told him, before several others, "that he was a cursed whelp, and that the next time he opened his lips he would kick him out of the mess-room." I advised the poor young fellow (who was one of the most gentlemanly boys I ever met with) to complain to his colonel. He said he had done so, and had only been laughed at.



**LOVE AND MONEY.**—In the Rolls Court on Monday the case of *Yard v. the Earl of Chesterfield* was heard; the caste being really one in which the Earl of Chesterfield sought the payment, by Mr. Thomas Duncombe, of the sum of £9,000. A deed produced recited that a marriage contract had been entered into between Mr. Duncombe and Mrs. Slingsby, and that the Earl of Chesterfield, in consideration of Mrs. Slingsby's covenanting to pay the interest on the £8,000, and also, in consideration of £200 paid down, agreed to extend the period for payment of the £8,000, until the 5th of June, 1841, and that if payment of that sum were then made he would forego the whole of the debt. The £8,000 was not paid at the time, nor was any interest paid, and, in consequence, the Earl of Chesterfield sued Mrs. Slingsby for the interest, and she has since paid £10,500 on that account, but the marriage which was then contemplated between her and Mr. Duncombe has not taken place. The case was now brought before the Court on summons from chambers, the question submitted being, whether the Earl of Chesterfield was entitled to the whole of the £9,000, or only to the £8,000, and whether Mrs. Slingsby was entitled to be second encumbrancer, after payment of the £8,000, or the £9,000. It was ruled that the Earl was entitled to the whole amount, Mrs. Slingsby becoming second encumbrancer.

**CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.**—The half-yearly meeting of this company was held on Thursday, and the report was adopted with general expressions of confidence. 300,000*l.* is to be borrowed, in addition to the 1,000,000*l.* capital raised; and the directors expect will complete the whole affair. An expectation was also stated, that the maintenance of the building and the interest on loans will be covered by the receipts from season tickets, refreshments, and exhibition rents, and that the money from daily visitors will all be applicable to dividends. With respect to the contemplated proposal for admitting shareholders on Sundays, it was announced that a legal opinion has been given of the possibility of its invalidating the charter, and the point was, therefore, for the present withdrawn. The teetotallers, headed by Mr. Gilpin, attempted to carry their point against the sale of "spiruous" matters; but they were in a miserable, though moral, minority. The chairman patronisingly said of the orderliness of the people, even when feeding: "That fact alone was sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person of the necessity of refreshments and non-liability of the working classes to drunkenness when the eyes of respectable people were upon them, and when they had extraordinary works of art and nature to attract their attention and induce inquiry."

"Convocation" met, in due course, on Thursday. The *Daily News* says:—"One of those ephemeral sittings which seem to delight its partisans as affording symptoms that it really has a definite existence. It was born in the morning, and died before evening. The propositions of its members partook of that sort of daring which is known to fill the minds of people in the last stage of despair." The Bishop of London presented a report from a committee appointed to consider and report to the upper house of Convocation, with a view to address her Majesty thereon, whether any, and if so, what reforms in the constitution of Convocation are expedient to enable it to treat with the full confidence of the Church of such matters as her Majesty may be pleased to submit to its deliberations. The Lower House attacked the question of church-rates, but without much effect. The paper in which Dr. Wordsworth directed the attention of the house to the subject was ordered to be laid on the table. Archdeacon Allen made a bold flight. He thought it was the duty of the State to deal with the temporalities of the Church, leaving the Church to deal with the spiritualities.

Readers will remember the recent case of the two convicts who, shut up with a policeman in a railway-carriage, shattered their handcuffs, fell upon the officer, one escaping, by leaping from the train (afterwards caught), and the other having a deadly struggle with the brave policeman, happily interrupted by the arrival of the train at a station. They have been tried at York assizes this week for that and their preliminary offence, for which they were in custody, and sentence of death has been recorded against the more ferocious ruffian. The policeman will suffer during his lifetime from the injuries he received.

A steam-boiler, at a calico-mill, Rochdale, exploded, on Saturday morning last, and, by its effects, killed, wounded, or scalded, a great number of the workpeople.

The magistrates are finding that the Betting Houses' Act is a dead failure;—the evil, under some other form, exists, and is beginning to force itself on attention. At Marlborough-street a "literary sporting gentleman," who appears to be "Joe Muggins's Dog," has summoned, and caused to be fined 50*l.* a fellow keeping a coffee-shop in Pantons-street, Haymarket, and carrying on the betting business (fraudulently) in an up-stairs room.

In Ireland jurymen do not often hold railway shares—and railway travelling is, therefore, safer:—At the Wexford Assizes, on Monday, the orphan children of Mr. and Mrs. Macswiney got 5,000*l.* damages against the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, on account of the loss of their father and mother, who were killed by the railway accident at Straffin last autumn.

The Royal Agricultural Society is holding its useful annual festival at Lincoln:—"Here the cause of agricultural improvement is surrounded by troops of friends, some helping in one way, some in another, but all earnest, active, and capable. Take, for example, the landlords, and where else in England will be found better examples of the powerful influence which that class can exercise than in this very county, the heaths and wolds of which have been converted from barrenness to fertility mainly by the liberality of the Yarborough family and of such men as Mr. Chaplin.

Patriotism is prevalent in London. Upwards of 800 young men enlisted and passed during the past month, in the London district alone.

A woman, and a girl only fourteen years of age, have been sent for trial from the Thames Police Court for systematic entrapping and robbing of children, whom they met in the neighbourhood of the docks.

The Scots Greys, now lying in Manchester, under orders for Turkey, received orders about three days ago to discontinue the use of the razor, and are cultivating their beards.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC POOR SCHOOLS IN LONDON.**—Lord Edward Howard has appealed to the Roman Catholic community of England and Ireland to make educational provision for the poor children who will be withdrawn from the Middlesex Industrial Schools, in consequence of the bill recently passed by the House of Commons. The *Dublin Telegraph* says:—"A more infamous law never stained the record of the English statutes, crowded as it is with penal enactments against the Catholics; because none ever more unblushingly declared the determination of its promoters to kidnap the children of the Catholic poor, and to doom them to everlasting perdition."

**EJECTION OF A REPORTER FROM A COUNTY COURT.**—Mr. Marshall, the Judge of the Wakefield County Court, has quarrelled with the local paper, the *Express*, and the other day turned the reporter of that journal out of his court.—"This day (Saturday last) another court was held at Wakefield, also attended by the offending reporter, on which occasion the judge, after demanding the authorship of the previous report, which the reporter declined giving, a second time ordered the latter to be turned *vi et armis* from the table, declaring he would not permit any one to sit there to make injurious reports on his judicial conduct. The reporter accordingly was dragged from his seat by the officers of the court. A few minutes afterwards another reporter from the same paper entered, but had no sooner taken his place at the table than the judge ordered him also away."—Lord Palmerston will, no doubt, have his attention called to the matter; and Mr. Marshall must take care to avoid the fate of Mr. Ramshay, of Liverpool.

**MR. MAURICE LEYNE.**—This gentleman, one of the most successful of Irish journalists, and who had recently started a paper with our title—the *Tipperary Leader*—died suddenly, some weeks ago, in the prime of his manhood, and his old colleagues, in the *Nation*, have written an affectionate eulogium:—"Peace be with him! He rests in noble soil. Words cannot describe the lavish sympathy and honour which the good people of Tipperary bestowed upon him and his. The Archbishop of Cashel, with forty of his priests, comprising the principal dignitaries of his diocese, paid to his remains the spontaneous and almost unprecedented honour of joining in a solemn office for the dead. They marched before his coffin to the grave, and were followed by the whole population of the town and country for miles round. God bless them for their great kindness to him who was carried a fettered rebel into their town a few years since—whom they lately sought with one voice to bear the banner of freedom and truth in their glorious country—whom they buried on the very day that his and their *Leader* was to have appeared. Sudden and awful as this blow has fallen upon all his friends, there is one great alleviation at least, when we think of the generous and noble hearts among whom he breathed his last." Mr. Leyne was one of the many intellectual and ardent men whom Mr. Gavan Duffy had collected round his *Nation*; and he had one quality peculiar to himself and in a high degree—humour, which, contrary to the general notion, is a rare quality among Irishmen. As a journalist he is a loss to journalism; and the incident stated above indicates how the loss to the popular cause is regarded by the clergy and the people. He was a nephew of O'Connell; but had, nevertheless, deserted his family for the Young Ireland party.

**THE RELIGIOUS WAR IN PIMLICO.**—The agitation to force Mr. Liddell out of St. Barnabas seems to have commenced in earnest. A meeting was held on Tuesday to adopt measures "for the arrest of Romish practices in the Church of England," about 800 persons being present, Admiral Harcourt in the chair—

"Upon the arrival of the speakers on the platform a scene of great uproar immediately took place in the body of the meeting, and a general *mélée* ensued between the representatives of the High Church and the Low Church, which ended in the latter party turning several of their opponents out of the meeting by force. Order having been procured, the chairman requested the Reverend John Kelly to open the business with prayer, which the reverend gentleman did amid much confusion, and before the prayers were concluded, an unparalleled scene of riot and uproar again intervened, in which a regular fight ensued in the body of the meeting. A large number of police-constables at length arrived, and with their assistance the meeting was cleared of several of the High Church party, who were roughly handled in the affray."

Order having again been restored, the expected speeches were got through. Mr. Nicholay (vestryman of Marylebone) abused the Bishop of London, everybody else abused the Pope. The resolutions were to the effect that there should be a general demonstration in different parts of the country in support of the movement, and a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions for the carrying out of such an object. Should redress not be gained from the Bishop of London, it was proposed to bring the subject before the Legislature. The meeting broke up in uproar; and if scenes such as these are to be stopped the Bishop of London will have to give way; and the next Bishop of London will have to decide—what is the Church of England?

## Postscript.

SATURDAY, July 22.

SPAIN.—(By Electric Telegraph.)

FIGHTING going on in every street at Madrid.

Palace of the Queen at Salamanca has been pillaged, and it is thought that Espartero will be placed at the head of the New Junta.

## RUSSIAN POLES.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Harrington, pursuant to notice, asked the Government whether they had instructed the Earl of Westmoreland to state at the court of Vienna that Polish subjects of Russia would not be allowed to follow the standard of the allied army?

The Earl of ABERDEEN could take upon himself to say that no such instructions had been given to Lord Westmoreland as the noble lord imagined.

The Earl of HARRINGTON said that he had been led to believe that an attempt to form a Polish legion in Russian Poland had been frustrated by her Majesty's Government.

## MESSAGE FROM THE CROWN.

The Earl of ABERDEEN brought in the following message from the Crown, which was read by the Lord Chancellor:—

"Victoria Regina.—Her Majesty deeming it expedient to provide for any additional expense which may arise in consequence of the war in which her Majesty is engaged against the Emperor of Russia, relies on the affection of the House of Lords for their concurrence in such measures as may be necessary for making provision accordingly."

The Earl of ABERDEEN.—I beg to move that her Majesty's gracious message be taken into consideration on Monday next.—Agreed to.

The House adjourned at half-past six.

The House of Commons, notwithstanding their having adjourned at three o'clock on Friday morning, met again at one o'clock in the afternoon; but only sat a quarter of an hour, and passed several bills a stage.

## THE CREDIT FOR THE WAR.

The sitting was resumed at six o'clock, when

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER appeared at the bar, and announced a message from her Majesty. The Message having been brought up, was read at the table as follows:—

"Victoria Regina.—Her Majesty deeming it expedient to provide for any additional expenses that may arise in consequence of the war in which her Majesty is engaged with the Emperor of Russia, and relying on the loyalty, zeal, and affection of her faithful Commons, thinks that they will make provision accordingly."

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.—Sir, I beg to move that her Majesty's most gracious Message be referred to a Committee of Supply. The Committee of Supply stands for to-night, but I apprehend it is generally understood that it will not come on before Monday, and that her Majesty's Message will then be considered.

Mr. DISRAELI.—I am sure I may say that the hon. member may confidently rely that the House of Commons have every disposition to furnish whatever aid her Majesty may require, for the purpose of carrying on the war with efficiency and vigour; but a trust that on Monday her Majesty's Ministers will be able to assure the House that in the present state of affairs there will be an autumnal sitting, and that her Majesty will be recommended graciously to call Parliament together before the end of the year.

## BRIBERY BILL.

There were no questions of importance addressed to Ministers, and the first order of the day, "The consideration of the Amendments on the Bribery Bill," was called on, and a clause proposed to be added was moved; when a discussion ensued as to the advisability of recommitting the bill, which was so strongly pressed on all sides of the House that Lord John Russell consented, and the bill was re-committed. Several new clauses were added—the discussion through the night being of that nature which it is not worth space to report.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. S." does not comply with our rules for correspondents; and his letter, for other reasons, is not of the character requiring insertion. If he will apply his general, and not original, views to a specific case properly before the public, we shall be happy to hear from him.

"X."—What is the whole truth without disguise? Mention it, and it shall have our largest capital letters. Which is the ark; and which are the boats we are to clear out of the ark? "X." must not be unreasonable.

"S. S."—"The Stranger" has not ceased to contribute; he contributes in a new form. Parliament has ceased to be interesting; and, besides, "The Stranger" thinks he has done his work—in suggesting a new point of view of one or two of our ludicrous institutions.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—We are much obliged to "A Subscriber," our attention had been called to the matter. The silly blunder, will, we trust, mislead no one;—the character of our paper does not depend on the philosophic estimate arrived at by the compilers of "Advertisers' Guides."

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

# The Leader.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

## Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—**DR. ARNOLD.**

### PROJECT FOR A LIBERAL PARTY.

THE purpose of Ministers in calling the consultation of their supporters at Lord John Russell's official house on Monday last is said to have been achieved; but unless the friends who consented to attend are wholly destitute of a purpose, we do not see how the meeting can have satisfied them. It has either dissatisfied them, or they are consenting to be the representatives of the country without acknowledging a public duty. The object of Ministers, it is understood, was to disarm so much of the discontent and indiscipline amongst their ranks as to prevent an accidental defeat by the Derby Opposition in the expected debate on Monday night last—this being now postponed till Monday next. The Derby Opposition confessed their defeat by adjourning their resistance. The Liberals were conciliated by Lord John's appeal to them, duly received the tacit intimation that they must not trifle with the existence of the Ministry, and, expressing some humours, acquiesced. But,—while the respect for Lord John and his colleagues was not sufficient to keep their supporters in the room, while men went away in disgust rather than listen to chaffering suggestions about the choice of one individual instead of another for a particular post,—there was no direct expression, of opinion, object, or purpose, on the part of the Liberal members. The meeting implied that they put up with the present Government for want of a better; that they would rather have Lord Aberdeen in office with his colleagues than Lord Derby with his;—not that they are satisfied with the actual Government of the country. Yet while it is thus all but declared that, whether in its composition, its principles, or its conduct, the present Government is unequal to that which this country ought to have, there is no proposal of a better. The popular members do not advance principles or measures which the present Government ought to adopt, or which ought to be the real basis for a new Government worthy of the country and of the Liberal party. The meeting may have answered the purposes of Ministers, but it was not creditable to those independent members who consented to attend, and it distinctly marks out a further duty which they have yet to perform.

Some concessions were made to Liberal expectations. It was understood that a *quasi* vote of confidence should be taken, on the "vote of credit for the purposes of the war;" and it was further understood that the prorogation of Parliament would not be of very long duration. We wish that the vote of confidence could be some real test; we wish that we had some confidence ourselves in the firm purposes of the Liberal members to

secure a short prorogation. At a time like the present it is a reproach to the independent members of the Commons that a Ministry should be "in power," without either being perfectly under the control of the representatives of the people, or possessing the unqualified confidence of those representatives. That the present Ministry fulfils either of those conditions does not appear from the facts: it does not possess the confidence of the popular representatives, or those representatives would not be repeatedly thwarting it. It does not deserve their confidence, since it has not fulfilled its promises, its spontaneous promises, to the Liberal party. Ministers themselves have declared it necessary that there should be reform of Parliament, municipal representation, poor-law, ecclesiastical law, police, and various other reforms branching from these.

They have attested their opinion by bringing forward measures; and none of the principal measures under those heads have been carried on. The pretext is the war; but that that is an insufficient pretext everybody knows. There is no opposition to Ministers on account of the war; the time of any department besides the military is not taken up by war preparations. Heretofore the good faith and competency of Ministers in that behalf have been taken upon trust; the public has not troubled itself about the war,—does not draw its attention from other business for fifteen minutes of any day in the week. It may fairly be said of Ministers that while they are prevented by disputes amongst themselves from performing confessed duties, they are so dishonest as to lay it upon a false pretext.

Let us admit, without qualification, that there are individuals in the present Government who do not themselves deserve censure. We speak of the body collectively, and the individuals belonging to it so far compromise themselves as they become a party to this neglect of duty and this parade of a false pretext.

But the question cannot stop there. If the Ministry does not deserve implicit confidence, the worth of individual men is no reason for awarding an undeserved confidence. To give that, is to misappropriate the public trust reposed in members of Parliament. A Ministry undeserving of confidence on other grounds,—has no right to our confidence in the war business; and even men who might command our trust individually place it in abeyance while they consent to be parts of an untrusted Government; let us add that the members who leave the conduct of a great war in such hands without inquiry or guarantee, themselves forfeit the title to the confidence of their electors.

What guarantee have we that the war itself will be properly sustained? that Austria, for instance, will not be suffered to compromise this country? and that the confessed desire to end the war will not betray our Ministers into a place which will be a disgrace to the nation and a detriment to our interests? We have very strong faith in the personal honesty of Lord Aberdeen, none in unity of judgment between him and the country; how then can the country safely leave the agency of peacemaking to him unquestioned? The national representatives will not perform their duty unless they take guarantees against mischances of that kind. We ought to leave no power in the hands of Ministers, unless we know how they are going to use it.

There are men in Parliament, we believe, who are quite competent to understand these things. It is not necessary that an Englishman should have lived two hundred years ago, or in North America, South Africa, or Australia, to have force or sagacity for the service we require. Are we to suppose that

a Robert Lowe can be independent, constitutional, and patriotic, only in the capital of Australia; that a Roebuck can understand constitutional Government only in Canada; that John Bright's family associations preclude him from understanding common sense in the finance of war; that a Goderich can see popular rights only in theory; that a Blackett's accomplishments prevent his grasping the rights and powers of his position with as firm a hand as if he had no better schooling than a Herefordshire gentleman?

The period would appear to have arrived in British politics when the Commons must attempt to take Government out of the hands of the aristocracy. That aristocracy is intellectually worn out. A Government framed out of the whole elect of the aristocracy is weak—that is an astounding fact; but a fact still more astonishing is that the aristocratic Tory opposition is even weaker than the Government. Where, then, are we to look for signs of power and capacity for action—for the practical work—a day business of governing—but in the scattered "Radicals" and "Liberals" who are not of the aristocracy, but of the Commons, but, because they are not organised, hesitate to stand independent of the old traditional tactics of playing Whig against Tory. The best brains and purest characters in the present Government are to be found in unpatronised because not grandly "connected" subordinates: the finest capacities in the House are among the below-the-gangway Liberals. The Opposition in the House of Commons consists of one man; and he is a man who was lost to the Radicals because he saw the Radicals had not his ambition—Power.

We see in such motions as that which Mr. J. Greene carried on Tuesday, and in such sectarian strife as that which was rampant on Wednesday, that the House of Commons is degenerating, and falling into forgetfulness of its grand functions. Reinvigoration can reach it only from those people's members who bear in mind that what the constitution meant was something different from a lordly club. The people's members have no business in "meetings of supporters" at "leaders' houses; the public business should be carried on publicly;—we have a set of "official despatches," one for the Cabinet and one for the country,—let us not have two parliaments—one for the public delusion—and one for the aristocracy's management.

Looking forward, then, to Monday night's debate, we would entreat the "popular members" to obtain some self-government for us. Nay, they ought to seize it; for it can be had by seizing. In the name of the constitution, we implore a little factiousness.

### SPAIN.—THE BOURBONS.

WE cannot understand the political philosophy of those politicians in England who gloat over the insurrection in Spain, and yet treat it, carelessly, as a mere military attempt at revolution, and as, at least, an isolated, purely peninsular, affair. If isolated, why rejoice at an inconsequent business? Granted that the Queen is a naughty girl; but she has her excuses; and, whether or not, spite does not become statesmen. Our Queen happens to be happy, for those common-place yet not frequent reasons which occur to produce felicity; and the circumstance, which has become identified with the rest of the glories of our constitution, so far from making us savagely triumphant on the accidents which befall contemporary vicious sovereigns, should induce in us rather a lofty, but tender, pity.

It would not be illogical to indulge in congratulations, on the humiliation of the court of Madrid, for other than Spanish reasons.



Military ambition commenced the insurrection; but middle class discontent, and peasant class poverty, uneasy despite the spiritual assuagements of the demoralised priests, is continuing the revolt. If it prove successful, and that is the probability, the revolution cannot be the replacement of one despotism by the other,—turning out a female sovereign's *Maire du Palais*, and giving power to a soldier-dictator. The men who commence are not often the men to complete such movements; after the O'Donnells come the *Esparteros*; and some sort of constitutionalism must set in, whether the Queen remain, or whether the throne comes, by dynastic conspiracy, into other hands. The proclamations of the generals speak of constitutional reform, and of the organisation of a militia,—which, in such a country as Spain, would secure the people liberty—as it would even in England. And Spain will do as well as another country to set an European example;—Rome even, the last capital men thought of for the initiation of reform, answered the purpose excellently in 1847. Fortunately, as a providential provision in guard of human freedom, peoples have sympathies and are partial to political mimicry. As Spain, successful in a revolution, would not be permitted to round the work in Madrid, so it may be possible that the idea—Revolt—did not commence in her own capital. The Spanish despotism is only a portion, and the weakest, therefore assailed the first, of that political system against which England has risen at last, and which Russia, in the war we have begun, hideously represents—“by authority.” The blow struck at St. Petersburg hit, very hard, at Vienna also; and there is a solidarity among Camerillas which may account for Madrid, in the first instance, indicating sensitiveness;—the hot sun there bringing the blossom to a fruit soonest. May it grow.

We have got to the fifth act of the “Spanish marriages.” It would be dramatically interesting if Louis Philippe's policy should triumph, after all; and if only for considerations of poetical justice—regarding the victim not with vindictiveness, but still with a sort of hopeless pity—it would be pleasant, though but an Orleans, always crafty and patient, were to succeed—to get rid of one Bourbon. At the same time let us not throw all the blame for these disastrous Spanish politics upon Louis Philippe. Abhor that intriguer, and all his kith, our Court's friends, as much as we, a nation of family men, are bound to do, for the Mezenian marriage he insisted on between young Isabella and her cousin. But let us remember that our own Whigs commenced the mischief by their traditional cant as to the “blessings of Constitutional Government,” this cant having led to the institution of a female sovereign in a manly, robust, southern, and always respectable, nation. A military revolt, in this instance, happens to mean a man's revolt;—the nation might endure a Court's despotism, but not a Queen's bully's despotism. Yet if there be a dynastic intrigue in the interest of Montemolin?

The world is very weary of the Bourbons. Wherever they are, they are accursed—miserable, and the cause of misery. Those who trace God's government of mankind will not refuse to detect the punishment of a “House's” centuries of crime against humanity in the horrible degradation of that House's representatives. The dread of a Bourbon régime establishes in France a Napoleonic despotism; and even loyal fanatics turn with disgust from the prospect of such a ruler as the cousinly Conference at Frohsdorf would have provided for a great people. In Parma, an individual dagger avenges (and society

condemns without cursing the criminal) an outraged community, the assassination being accomplished under circumstances which all but justified the deed—when the wretched Duke was slinking from his palace to defile a woman. In Naples, a Bourbon king represents all that is detestable and depraved in even kingly nature.

One Bourbon the less would be a gain; and we may await with hope something more from this Spanish revolt.

#### USEFULNESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THERE is a tendency in the sublimest institutions and in the finest instruments to degenerate to base uses. Temples get into the hands of money-changers, and the bones of Alexander stop a cask. Perhaps the Alhambra, when Washington Irving visited it, was not the less beautiful a temple because rat-catchers advertised themselves in its purlieus, but it lost effect in such mean associations. The elephant is, of course, the more magnificent animal, because he can pick up pins, as well as rend trees. But if we see him in the Zoological Gardens only picking up pins, we cease to feel respectful. Our House of Commons, it is the glory of our Constitution, is equal to ruling the world and dealing with the most wretched minutiae of popular necessities. But, then, if the House of Commons prefers dealing merely with the minutiae?

On Tuesday night Mr. S. Green, who appears not before to have been heard of in Parliament, and who seems to be less M.P. than Chairman of an improvement-in-printing-machinery-Company, put the Government in a minority on a question of whether or not it was the legitimate function of the House to inquire into the probability of printing for one farthing that amount of literature which cannot now be produced for less than one penny. The division included numbers enough, with a majority sufficiently large, to indicate a decided conviction in the House generally that it was the business of the House of Commons to assist Mr. Cassell, Mr. Reynolds, and such like publicists, in cultivating the reading tastes—by cheapening the supply of educational and exhilarating periodicals—of the British public.

When the House of Commons, by a clear majority, is of a decided way of thinking on a question not involving principle, it is presumption to contend against its sagacity;—let us, therefore, only express a hope that as the House has determined to abide within the regions of what has been insultingly called over-legislation, it will not stop short in inquiries as to the competitive pretensions of different printers. We might prefer that the House of Commons should devote itself rather to conducting war and organising peace, but as it takes a different view of its proper functions at this period of history, it is excusable in its constituency insisting that it should develop its elephantine powers in picking up all the available pins. If it be proper to investigate the claims of Jones's printing-press as against Smith's, thus saving Reynolds and Cassell considerable experimental outlay of capital, why should it hesitate to diverge into commissions of inquiry as to what books should be bought, what papers should be subscribed to, what lecturer we should patronise, and at what theatre least heat and most amusement is to be found? There is a controversy among the youthful manly intellects of the day as to which of the many patented shirts are the most entitled to British patronage, and the merits of hop champagne against the more established pretensions of Allsopp are so frequently discussed, that the House of Commons would be doing a general service by appointing a committee to report authori-

tatively. The House of Commons is no doubt a publishing firm, which is the excuse for its intervention with respect to printing machinery; but the House of Commons is also a body depending for nourishment upon special refreshment-rooms of its own; which has to vary its linen; which on Saturday afternoon must take to public amusements or popular reading; and obviously, therefore, the public has claims on its attention in regard to all such matters.

And if the House of Commons undertakes to superintend the moral health of the multitude, should physical health be neglected? Is the House of Commons prepared to debate and divide on homeopathy, the water-cure, and animal magnetism? Will the House of Commons superintend the popular diet and publish a blue cookery-book?

There can be very little doubt that if the House of Commons perseveres in its present anxieties about everything, it will increase in what is called public usefulness. But if it leaves public policy to a cabinet and ceases to have a nobler ambition than that of being useful, will it increase in public power?

#### THE BRITISH OFFICER.

In Tuesday's *Times* we read the inspiring account of the departure of a regiment for the East on the previous day:—

“The senior and junior companies of the 46th Regiment, consisting of 200 rank and file, with 22 non-commissioned officers and drummers, marched from the Infantry Barracks, Windsor, under the command of Captains O'Toole and Hardy, Lieutenants Sherrington and Knapp, and Ensigns Hayer and Townshend, preceded by the band, playing ‘Cheer, Boys, Cheer,’ and ‘Jeannette and Jeannot.’ They were loudly cheered by their comrades in garrison, and by the spectators who lined the streets for some distance from the barracks. The men appeared in high spirits, and were accompanied to the South-Western Railway Station by Colonel Garrett and the whole of the officers of the regiment, except those on duty. The train, consisting of fifteen carriages, started at ten o'clock, the inhabitants and officers giving three times three cheers, which were heartily answered by the troops.”

The regiment went on its way to Southampton, to embark in a vessel which, at Cork, would take up the head-quarters and service companies of the Sixty-third Foot, “to proceed,” say the journals, “for Constantinople direct.” But there is an impression that the men are to go straight to Sebastopol. It is a glorious service. Officers and men might well cheer.

But, stop! Is not this the regiment in which certain officers lately transacted battles of a kind different from that between the Russians and the Turks? We have an impression that recently, while the regiment was at Windsor, one officer persevered in “pulling about” another,—dragging him by his coat collar, squeezing his ribs, and otherwise tormenting him, for the purpose of forcing him to gamble; that the afflicted officer, who “wears a sword in her Majesty's service,” defended himself with a pair of candlesticks; and by these weapons brought his brother-officer to reason, and to a contemplative posture over a washhand basin, in which he sluiced his bleeding face. It was said at the inquiry into these chivalrous combats that the man who resorted to this peculiar self-defence had done so after a long string of persecution, in the course of which his brother-officers had compelled him to get out of bed at night, and perform the sword exercise naked. It is not exactly said which of the officers took part in these dramatic entertainments; we suppose the officers on duty were excepted, as they are in the embarkation scenes; but, at all events, there are more than two officers who can consent either to perform the part of posture-master in that species of ballet, or the still more disgraceful part of audience. It is thus officered that the regiment sets forth on its gallant

service. Is it possible that Providence has in store victories for such men as these? Are these the instruments by which England collects her glory? Incredible! The Forty-sixth Regiment must, by its condition, be doomed to destruction: it is in the state of *oriens dementat*—the demented state which precedes fatal doom.

And yet, again, it occurs to us that there have been adventures not wholly unlike those in which Mr. Perry was the principal actor.

We see, indeed, this week, that Greer and Perry are not the only officers under arrest. A court-martial assembled on Tuesday last to try Lieutenant Frederick G. Leigh, on a charge of drunkenness; Leigh was sentenced to be dismissed the service. Not long since the Colonel of another regiment was tried by a court-martial in India and dismissed, his offence consisting in the tolerance of scenes very like those described in the court-martial in the 46th, only not quite so bad. And we remember that stories have been current in society about another gentleman who had, like Mr. Perry, been made the victim of brother officers, and who had undergone indignities yet more vile. Does the reader know what school-boys call making a freemason? In their ceremonies, it is said, officers sometimes emulate school boys—and excel them. Nor can we wonder at these stories: we have, at times, "assisted" at the embarkation and debarkation of regiments; and verily the spectacle is not always elevating. The officers of the British army are not always men who bear upon their countenance the stamp of high character.

These are astonishing results, considering the pains taken to keep the British army high in character by various restrictions. The custom of purchase, of course, keeps out poor men; the exclusive character of Court favour, the difficulty of getting into the Commander-in-Chief's list, and then off that list into the army list, contribute to increase the aristocratic character; and pains are taken to preserve it. The army is cut off from society, the officers from the men. It is only by a monstrous exception that a private passes to the rank of a commissioned officer. Every individual who wears a sword is liable to be tried for any departure from regulation conduct—for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." To keep it more exclusive, the military body must not meddle with politics, or, as Colonel Thompson knew, promotion may be arrested. The Duke of Wellington has contrasted our army with the French army in these respects; has mentioned how scandalised he felt at seeing officers actually playing at billiards with the men and conversing with them. The Americans, whose army is but a nucleus, and whose real military force is a militia, are of course open to all kinds of vulgar admissions. Our own navy is more free and easy. But our military officers are picked men, with picked habits, high punctilios, and preservative restraints.

Suddenly, however, a suspicion comes over us that there must be some mystic interpretation given to that phrase "conduct becoming the officer and the gentleman." To turn white at the sight of danger, to break one of the articles of war, to play at billiards with private soldiers—these are breaches of that sacred rule. But, to take part in forcing a young officer out of bed at night, and making him perform the sword-exercise naked, that is not "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman;" for the gentlemen who did so remain officers. It is the man who dances naked that is punished; but not we admit for that offence.

Trust Mr. Perry's uncontradicted account,

and the character of certain officers,—the character tolerated by the commanding authority,—is that of cowardice, ruffianism, cruelty, vulgarity, and indecency. It violates the commonest rules of gentlemanly feeling, and violates them in the grossest degree. The bestial indecency is only exceeded by the cruelty, and the cruelty by the cowardice of many setting upon one. Yet, these are our models of chivalry,—the men who are sent abroad to sustain the British flag! This is the army as it is preserved aristocratic by excluding ignoble, low-born persons. The exposure ought to be followed by a cry for reform, especially at the commencement of a war. We may naturally feel anxieties at trusting our national standard to such keeping. Luckily we know that the exclusive rules of the army do not shut out brave men, or men of real chivalry, since they are to be found in all classes, even amongst the class that produce these same ballet-masters of the bed-room; and as to the reform, we may expect it from the necessity. Not because the Horse Guards have shown any excessive anxiety to weed the army, but because, we suspect, those who take delight in combats like those of the Windsor barracks, cannot share the higher ambition of the real battlefield. When we are at war creatures of this stamp will not press so much into the army, and on the field they will yield the victory to men, making room in the ranks for their betters. Thus we may expect that the war which would render an altered system necessary will be itself the sanitary measure.

#### THE NEW PUBLIC-HOUSE LAW.

The plan for dealing with public-houses, taverns, exhibitions, tea-gardens, and other places of entertainment and recreation, is a good measure marred by a bad spirit that is increasing. The whole method of treating these subjects is a compromise between sound sense and nonsense, between liberalism and cant. After having abandoned the pursuit of the Englishman in trade with restrictions and prohibitions, there is still a disposition to pursue him in his amusement. The old guilds have been largely given up in the City, but we still have some of their worst part—of their prohibitory lumber, such as the prohibition upon carrying goods by hand against all except by ticket-porters. In the main, however, we have got rid of those ancient restrictions upon the free choice of a trading pursuit. They have fallen by degrees within our own shores; Sir Robert Peel blew up the principle of restricted trade in our foreign relations; but while the ticket-porters are doomed, and while some of the worst restrictions upon the amusements of the people are to be abolished, it appears that there is still trust in the principle of prohibition, and that we are to have new examples of it. We admit that the change is for the better, but we object to restoring at this day, in conjunction with a reform, any kind of restrictions upon classes, any meddling tutelage over free men, or anything but a police control over the positive misconduct of individuals.

The general character of the measure proposed by the select committee consists in closing all public-houses whatsoever during the Sabbath, except for four hours in the day—namely, from one till two, and from six till nine, and then only for the sale of spirituous liquors; and in opening places of rational recreation after two o'clock on Sundays. We applaud the permissive part of this measure; but we require to see the second at least accompanied by some securities that the comforts of the great number of the people will not be arbitrarily and unjustly diminished.

The English people, Heaven knows, have not too much holiday. Some of them, in a certain precarious fashion, observe St. Monday, when they can do so without paying too heavy a fine; that is, when the state of wages permits them to earn enough for the week on the other five days. In many kinds of employment, however, such as most factory labour, the holiday is quite impracticable. From an early hour on Monday morning till Saturday afternoon or evening, there is nothing for it but uninterrupted hard work; very little margin is left for the working man, woman, or child,—very little margin either of time or of physical strength, still less of intellectual activity.

With very numerous classes, the one idea, from early dawn on Monday morning till a late hour at evening, is a set duty in some part of a manufacture. Scanty room, therefore, during those working days for gathering ideas to expatiate upon during the Sunday, and we must not wonder if crowds of people, wearied with toil, exasperated by restriction, reach that day of rest with the one idea of breaking through that restriction, and finding some simple contrast for the toil. The contrast for continued restriction and concentrated labour, is unrestrained enjoyment without labour of any kind, either intellectual or moral—mere physical excitement not necessarily connected with ideas. The only recreation for such an existence, as abstract reasoning might determine, is a simple outburst, an orgy; and the practical instinct confirms the abstract conclusion by the facts as they exist.

The moralist, however, is scandalised at this extensive resort to one evil as a set off against another. Men living in a totally different state of life have pre-determined to themselves what it would be desirable for the working classes to do on Sundays. Still there is so much disagreement on this point, that a compromise is necessary. Some persons consider that, however a depraved town-sickened appetite may rush to the public-house for relief, a more wholesome enjoyment would be to wander forth into the fresh air, to seek ideas in Picture Galleries, Museums, Zoological Gardens, Crystal Palaces, and other places where the picked ideas of civilisation are collected, classified and so arranged that he who runs may read. Others, however, consider that Museums are only a worse abomination than public-houses; that they have more of the devil in them because they have more of the "tree of knowledge;" and with these moralisers the object is to create such circumstances as will drive the working class into church or chapel; the latter having the preference. A third class do not care much about museums or chapels; but they do care about well-regulated streets, and they object decidedly to crowds of drunken persons at public houses. But what say the working classes themselves? Are they consulted at all? In truth, these laws for the good of the working people are against their will; they are middle class edicts, leaving no choice in the persons subjected.

Now we do not believe in this species of control. The working class show no indisposition for rational recreation; they frequent places where it is to be found, when they have time or money, or when they are not forced there. Open the Crystal Palace on Sunday at a reasonable price, and the working classes will go there in thousands; as they do to the Zoological Gardens at Dublin, or to Hampton Court, or to the British Museum during the Easter holidays. Let churches be free from social distinctions, as churches used to be, and are still in other countries;—let there be no pews, no barricading between class and class,—let the preachers be capable of speaking home to the



hearts of their hearers, and the churches also will be crowded. That is, if no attempt be made to drive the people into them. Let grounds be kept free for the public,—let, for example, no Hampstead Heath be built over, by fabricating upon old manorial rights new proprietary rights, and such places will continue to be crowded by the working class. But it is not to be done by compulsions and prohibitions. Working men will not be driven into church as a *pis aller*.

Try the same process with any other class, and see if it will succeed. Let any man even of the upper class walk to church in the morning, walk to a rational museum or intellectual garden in the afternoon; lounge amongst the beauties of nature in the intervals and afterwards; and he will discover that the enjoyment of life is hungry work, and thirsty work too. Let him, then, when his after-church walk is over, go to the convenient public-house, and be told that it has just closed, or that there remains ten minutes for him to eat his dinner in,—or rather let him be told that he cannot drink anything "on the premises" at all, but that he can only buy something, and eat it on the next milestone if he likes, if the policeman does not tell him to "move on;"—let him be told these things, and he will discover that the new law relating to public-houses is vexatious and intolerable. Let him ask the reason for these restrictions, and be told that it is concern for his morals,—that very benevolent persons in authority have resolved that he shall be only rational in his recreations, Sabbath-observing, and sober; and he will feel, we venture to say, sentiments the most revolutionary towards those authorities, will feel anything but conciliated towards Sabbath-observing or, perhaps, even sobriety.

It may be objected that the new law will not be exceptional, would include all classes in its control. Possibly, though we will not believe till we see. But, at all events, it refers most especially to the inn accommodation of the humble. Will the genteel class really suffer any restriction from the new regulations?—will the place of dining, the dinner-hour, the amount of champagne, or anything else, be subjected to a new stint. Gentlemen, it may be answered, are not addicted to drunkenness, and therefore there is no necessity to restrain them by preventive laws; they are better educated, and they can vent the energy of their nature in recreation more varied than drinking; besides, if they do wish to get drunk,—which happens sometimes, it is said, with Parliament men,—they can do it at home, or on any other day except Sunday. So, after all, the new law is intended to force upon the working class virtues with which the other classes may capriciously coquette; yet the virtue of those other classes is entrusted to the keeping of education and good taste, with the policeman to keep in check only flagrant excesses. It appears to us that the same influences might suffice also for the working classes: begin with good education; extend every conceivable opportunity for rational enjoyment; strengthen the policeman to collar the actual drunkard and prevent brawls within and without the public-house; and then leave the working classes free to arrange their amusements in their own way. Trust to the benign influences you preach, and to free trade in morals as well as in material goods.

#### PUBLIC REWARDS.

ONE of our national misfortunes, which the public perceive as plainly as those who serve the public experience acutely, is, that we are without any organisation for rewarding public services. When a great character turns up we give him a Blenheim, or a Strath-

fieldsaye, and a grand parliamentary present; and we can knight Lord Mayors; and we can get rid of, by sending up to the House of Peers, successful, but exhausted, statesmen. These are the great things we can do; but we have no machinery for testing our gratitude or our reverence for less conspicuous, but still eminent, men. This is the disadvantage of a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions; for a monarchy has a small civil list, and a narrow court, and the republican institutions are entirely engrossed in "reforming" themselves—so as to compete with the minor eminent men.

For instance, Thomas Hood, who gave the tone and the impetus to the modern philanthropy of the rich, who are being startled by the horrors of competitive civilisation, died, according to Monckton Milnes, in such dire poverty, that that gentleman, a poet too, was under the necessity of seeking in the private munificence of Sir R. Peel the means of deterring bailiffs from clutching at the bed-clothes of the expiring humourist. Still, he dies: and some years elapsed before a hero-worshipper, seeking the heroics in Kensall-green Cemetery, observes, hastening to communicate his discovery to the public, not yet tired of singing the "Song of the Shirt," that the Yorick of our time lay in a grave destitute of the slightest memento. The appeal of this discoverer was fortunately responded to, for private enterprise exceptionally undertook to immortalise a great poet—the State, of course, though it arbitrates in the controversies between rival printing machines, not seeing the necessity of doing any honour to him who had given so much employment, with so much benefit to the world, to so many such machines.

Hood is one of a large class of minor great men who obey their intellectual instincts and who forego such claims upon the world as may arise from winning a Waterloo, which in a few years is resultless, or from making a fortune which blesses mankind only by a politico-economical accident. Doubtless great writers are not the less morally great because they never demand Strathfieldsayes or large pensions: but when they are dead—would a Pantheon cost much?

Take another instance. Two young officers of our army go forth upon the news of war just as young Englishmen used to do in the last century—chivalrously to complete their education by "a campaign in Flanders." They seek adventures, not by insulting Turkish ladies within the frontiers of the allies' encampment at Gallipoli; Schumla, or Varna, but they ride straight on to the foremost posts of the Turkish army. They are shut up in Silistria, and by the influence of the physical superiority and trained intellect of Europeans, they become, if not the accredited generals, the real leaders in the Turkish defence. By their example, and prudent daring, and disciplined skill, they represent within the Turkish fortress the *morale* of the British army at their back, and therefore induce a defence which is not only in itself conspicuously splendid, but which in political results is so important that Lieutenants Nasmyth and Butler, whose actions inevitably remind us of Don Juan and Johnson at the siege of Ismail, may be said to have turned the course of political affairs in a European struggle. Lieutenant Butler dies from the effects of the wounds received in his gallant chieftainship. Omar Pasha commands a monument to him. But in England what is it in our power to do unless we appeal to chance private enterprise—in which case there would be far smaller prospect than for an Albert statue,—to honour the memory of our young countryman? Butler's companion in arms survives: equal in bravery and in merit, he now represents a double set of claims.

But his laurels have not been gathered in routine service, and what promotion is he likely to obtain? He will not even be so fortunate as Captain Edwardes, who also suffered from the misfortune of being young, but who did win a battle with the authority of some sort of orders, and who accordingly got his majority—which amounted, perhaps, to a hundred pounds a year extra pay.

There are still other instances arising out of a week's news. The other day there arrived in London two men who had done great service to England—Mr. Hargreaves, the discoverer of the Australian gold, and Mr. La Trobe, who had governed with zeal and loyalty, if not with popularity, a colony disorganised and demoralised by that discovery. Hargreaves had been refused by the colonists a paltry 10,000*l.*, which in the first instance it was proposed to vote to him as an award for his felicitous discovery: a discovery creating a new world to commerce, enriching the colony and benefiting every counting-house in every part of Great Britain. Mr. La Trobe had taken a cold farewell of his subjects, and as ex-pro-consul does not find on reaching London that the English people have even engaged apartments for him at an hotel. Hargreaves may find some compensation for colonial ingratitude in a *soirée* at the Geographical Society, when Sir R. Murchison will confidentially tell him that he (Sir Roderick) was the real discoverer of the gold; and Mr. La Trobe will get a knighthood, and then probably sink into whist circles at Bath.

Are these the evidences of a civilised, self-governed community?

#### HOW TO MAKE THE CRYSTAL PALACE SUCCEED.

IN spite of the episcopal benediction the Crystal Palace is not quite a success. To take one simple fact, which is worth a host of arguments, the shares are already at a slight discount. The speculation never won much favour with the clear-headed men who conduct the business of the world in the city of London, and the event has proved that they were not mistaken in their judgment. Of course, if the directors wish us to believe that their object was to establish a school of art, at any cost and without hope of profit, criticism must hold its peace in the presence of such unexampled patriotism. But as their avowed intention was to make money, while they claim all the credit that belongs to public benefactors, it is worth while to point out the causes of their disappointment, and an absolute duty to define the exact position which they hold.

What is the actual experience of every one who has paid a visit to the Palace? No one denies the majestic beauty of the structure, with its gardens, fountains, statues, and courts. It is a wonder of the world. No building, in any other country, will bear comparison with it. But, in what sense is it a school for the English people? True enough, there are splendid works of beauty, and it is not an idle boast that you may witness, almost at a glance, the gradual development of human art. But the English people—and it is to the people that the Palace is inscribed—are ignorant of art: they walk through their own Palace in silent admiration: they do not understand a title of what they see. How should they? They have never been taught, and it is quite impossible to educate them by a mere appeal to sight and sense. If the Crystal Palace is to inspire the masses with a love of art, there must be some organised means of instruction. Catalogues will not serve the purpose. There must be living guides to interpret the splendid mystery. We do not want an army of peripatetic bores, but we think that a show

without a showman is an anomaly hitherto unknown in England.

We pass over the obvious but irremediable mistake of building the palace six miles from the metropolis, and simply urge the importance of organising a better system of railway management, so as to put a stop to the very just complaints which are still perpetually made.

As a school of art, then, the Crystal Palace is a failure. But if the directors will descend from that lofty and untenable position, they may still achieve commercial success, and confer a real benefit on the community. If we refuse instruction, we are in great want of amusement. Cremorne and Vauxhall are very excellent institutions. Even if they attract, to some extent, the vice of the metropolis, there is little to offend the most prudish delicacy. We can assure our readers that persons of the highest respectability, of unimpeachable virtue, may be found in either of these suburban seats on any evening in the week. But, with all their good qualities, the pleasant gardens of Cremorne are immeasurably inferior to Sydenham; and we are confident that if the directors of the Crystal Palace would take a lesson from their less ambitious rivals—for rivals they undoubtedly are—they would increase at once the attractions of their show and the profits of their shareholders. As it is, the Crystal Palace is the best eating-house within the neighbourhood of London, and every one will agree with the writer of a clever brochure on this subject, that "the two great attractions, at present, in the Crystal Palace, are the dinners and the brass band." All we ask is, that the directors should follow the bent of the public mind. Let them make their Palace amusing, and they will make it pay. If they are serious in wishing to educate their countrymen, let them set about it in the proper way. But as a large proportion of the visitors to Sydenham go there for amusement and not for instruction, it is surely for the interest of the directors to gratify, even if they despise, the largest class of the holiday public.

#### AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH RESIDENT.

##### LETTER III. (CONCLUSION.)

"Modern Times, Thompson Station, Long Island, N.Y.,  
"March, 1854.

"MY DEAR 'ION,'—Now about Modern Times. Last year this young social movement had to pass through a rather dangerous crisis. A discussion happened to spring up in the New York papers on the subject of marriage and divorce. Strange that so fundamental a question of social morals should at this time of day have to go about begging for a niche or two of solid ground on which to rest!

"The temptation was too great for our friend Andrews; and he plunged into it. Our doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual exercised at his own cost must not be allowed to be upset by a retrograde institution, founded by our ignorant and barbarous forefathers. At all events, in this age of free discussion, under the full reign of the right of private judgment, proclaimed now these three centuries, we must at least hear what has to be said on the matter. So thought Mr. Horace Greeley—at least I suppose so—at all events he said so, and Mr. Andrews's first letter duly appeared.

"But, unluckily, there are some subjects on which it is easy to say things that cannot be unsaid, and yet had better not have been said. I apprehend Mr. Greeley was very sorry, before long, that he had thus publicly pledged himself to open his columns to a discussion which he, an able editor of the first magnitude, ought to have known from the outset was in its own nature incapable of resulting in anything but pure chaos. Our friend Andrews had, of course, a very easy task in criticising the institution of marriage. Who that has ever dipped into Fourier but is fully aware how unanswerable, triumphantly

unanswerable on the basis of mere argumentation, are the criticisms to be urged against this sacred bond? On the basis of 'eternal principles,' 'declarations of independence,' all men—*homines* of course—are born free and equal,' &c. &c. &c.; the question is short and easy. And, of course, Mr. Andrews made a display.

"Mr. Andrews subsequently published the whole correspondence in pamphlet form. 'Love, Marriage, and Divorce,' accordingly appeared in the series of our 'Equitable Commerce' publications; to the great alarm of all whose morality would tumble to pieces upon the first scrutiny into its foundations.

"The exultation achieved by what is known here as the Dr. Nichol conspiracy was great. Andrews was silenced—finally, of course; the dreaded Modern Times, which our Conservatives only affect to despise, was routed—also finally. And it is really true that the number of the curious who were almost daily visiting our young village, fell off very greatly—to be replaced in a few weeks by substantial men, really having means and intending to employ them in our movement.

"And it certainly stands out an undeniable fact, that in our village the sovereignty of the individual is, so far as an almost unanimous public opinion is concerned, recognised to the full extent involved in handing over the marriage contract, to the consciences of the parties primarily concerned. If they choose to divorce themselves, and events form new ties, we recognise no authority really competent to interfere.

"Not, for myself, recognising 'inconstancy' in any human relation, and, least of all, in the conjugal one, rejecting for myself utterly and entirely the theory of the passions propounded by Charles Fourier, I take my stand for the present simply on our doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual exercised at his own cost. Assuredly this in no wise pre-judges the moral question at all. It asserts no ideal—no moral type—whatever individual adherents may do. Beyond our one principle we are in no wise responsible for each other's doctrines any more than for each other's acts, here, in our village of Modern Times. But our principle does this one thing, and here I distinctly take my stand: it unites all of us here in a firm, final protest against the competency of political authorities to decide questions of morals.

"I remain, my dear 'Ion,' fraternally yours,  
"HENRY EDGER."

### Open Council.

(IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.)

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Cheadle Mills, near Manchester, July 14, 1854.

SIR,—Mr. Joseph Barker, at the close of a lecture at Stockport, made some remarks on the pro-slavery tendency of the *Leader*. Owing to the noise at the time, I did not so well hear what he said, so wrote him for substance of remarks. I received a letter from him, a copy of which I send you. These are the words:

"DEAR SIR,—The *Leader* once published a paragraph highly laudatory of Mr. Henry Clay, the American pro-slavery statesman, and especially of the part he took in the great compromise measures. I wrote to explain, first, that Clay was not the author of those measures, and, secondly, that though he aided their passage, it was no great credit to him. I stated that one of these measures was the grant of ten millions to Texan slaveholders, another the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, &c.

"The *Leader* said these measures were the crowning glory of the great man's life. I expressed the opinion that such high praise, for such dark deeds, was too much to be given by the *Leader*. The letter I wrote was respectful and kind, but the Editor refused to insert it. Some friend or friends wrote about the letter after it appeared in another paper. The Editor then misquoted and misrepresented it, and pretended to answer a part of it; but still refused to publish it. What was worse, he said he would gladly publish letters from me on any other subject; thus showing, as it seemed to me, that while disposed to allow both sides of other questions to appear in his columns, he was determined not to do justice in the matter of American slavery.

"My impression is, from all I have seen, that the *Leader*, on the subject of American slavery, is under pro-slavery influence, and is systematically unjust to the advocates of African freedom. The spirit and tone of its articles are uniformly the same as those of the American pro-slavery papers.

I am sorry, very sorry, to be obliged to make this complaint, but as I withdrew my praise of Mitchell when he avowed his wish for a slave plantation, so must I take back my praise of the *Leader* when I see it showing the same unalloyed leaning.

"I will withdraw my censure when the *Leader* agrees to publish both sides of the great American question.

"Yours very respectfully,  
(Signed) "JOSEPH BARKER."

The *Leader* was very high in my estimation before I got the foregoing letter: certainly I am now disposed to think that its "Open Council" is "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." I hope that Mr. Joseph Barker will not lose an opportunity of making such a fact known after you have done him such an injustice.

Several persons whom I knew to be subscribers to the *Leader* heard the same statement, and all seemed equally surprised with myself. I hope for your credit's sake that you will give some explanation of the matter, as I always found you willing to retract if in the wrong.

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,  
EDWIN AXON.

[For this fortnight past we have been hearing of Mr. Barker's platform abuse of the *Leader*, and we are obliged to Mr. Axon for enabling us now to get a grip of the libel. For it is a libel: and we hereby challenge Mr. Barker to point to the slightest evidence of the truth of his charge. We confess to having had a disinclination to publish Mr. Barker on the question of slavery, and it is no offence in journalism to be shy of particular correspondents;—but now we offer him all the opportunities he may desire.]

#### BULLYING IN THE ARMY AND UNIVERSITIES.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—It is not long since the leading journals condescended to devote a portion of their valuable space and time to a consideration of the theory and practice of bullying as supposed to exist in our public schools. How ignorantly and superficially the subject was handled even by the *Times*, was strongly felt by everyone practically acquainted with the working of the public school system. Even the facts alleged turned out in most instances to be gross perversions of the truth; and I believe satisfactory contradictions were inserted by all the papers which had been imposed upon, with the exception of an organ of the religious world, long noted for the unctious mendacity with which it can spread a calumny and suppress an explanation. The revelations of the Windsor court-martial during the past week ought to satisfy the British public, if it would only for once be candid, where we are to look for the grossest instances of brutal tyranny. That love of bullying which, as has been often remarked, is a disgrace to the English character has been checked, and well nigh extinguished in public schools where the wise system of Dr. Arnold has taken root. But it still subsists in quarters where gentlemanly feeling and honour are bragged of with such offensive parade that one would suppose they existed nowhere else—I mean the universities and the army. If these institutions are not exclusively aristocratic, at all events that is the type they affect, and they do contain a stronger infusion of it than any other aggregate which is not by the force of its definition aristocratic. And what are the facts? For the army, let the Windsor court-martial testify, and let the surprised public be assured that this is no "exceptional case." In the university, events of striking similarity are familiar to every undergraduate. I have known them occur at what are termed "the best colleges;" in fact, I believe they are most common there. I have no hesitation in saying that gross physical force bullying is prevalent among the "fast sets" of our universities to an extent unknown in the upper forms of a public school; and, as a master in a large public school, I am entitled to speak on the subject. *A priori* considerations would lead us to expect such results as the fruits of a system of caste; and history has confirmed it from the time when Aristotle dwelt upon the *typos* of aristocracies, down to the occurrences of which I am now writing. That the Windsor affair presents itself in a very different light to military men and civilians is apparent from the character of the whole proceeding. Colonel Garret institutes the prosecution, and snubs the prisoner. Of course he does. Is it to be endured that a man fellow without a farthing should intrude into the regiment he "has the honour to command," and pretend forsooth to pay his way and abstain from play, and then have the insolence to lift his hand against a man who is his better in everything that makes the gentleman? The president endeavours to suppress the proceedings. No wonder; for their publication will render it impossible even for a court of "officers and gentlemen" to punish the prisoner. But when military insolence pretends to interfere with the freedom of the press, every Englishman feels that his cause is safe in the hands of the editor of the *Times*. B.A.



## Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

It may be important and welcome news to some of our readers to hear that THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART has obtained the sanction of an Act of Parliament, and that the long-deferred statement of the objects and rules of the society is at last to be published. The delay in the production of this statement—which has been viewed in certain quarters in no charitable spirit—has, we are informed, arisen in the main from two causes. In the first place, the accounts of the amateur company could not be closed until the Theatrical Property was disposed of; and this property, appealing of necessity to a very narrow circle of purchasers, remained some months on hand before it could be advantageously disposed of. In the second place, when the scheme of the society was prepared for publication, it was discovered that the objects of the guild were of so comprehensive a nature, that the public announcement of them in a printed form would be punishable with a penalty, in consequence of certain recent enactments, unless the society previously obtained the sanction of a Charter or an Act of Parliament. This second obstacle occasioned of course a second delay, and retarded, up to the present period, the publication of the society's scheme. As soon as that scheme reaches us, we hope to return at greater length to the subject of the Guild of Literature and Art.

The new number of the QUARTERLY REVIEW is more generally interesting than usual. It opens with an article on the House of Commons; not very carefully written as to style, but amusing as to matter—being evidently the production of a writer thoroughly well acquainted with his subject, and capable of presenting it to the minds of his readers in a graphic and lively way. Sketches of Parliamentary manners and customs, and some clever pen-and-ink portraits of famous Parliamentary men, mainly occupy the article, which the general reader will be glad to hear keeps commendably free from political disquisition or antiquarian research. Another interesting contribution to this quarter's number is a paper on the modern drama in England. The writer of the article manfully steps out of the wearisome beaten track, and is actually satisfied with our present actors, and sanguine as to the future prospects of the "British Drama!" We cordially subscribe to what he says on these two points; and, as to a third, we go a little beyond him. When the next great tragic actor appears, we most sincerely hope that he will not come out in Shakespeare. The inexhaustible delight of reading Shakespeare's poetry is too often confounded by managers, actors, and critics, with the terminable enjoyment of seeing Shakespeare's plays. It is one thing to open the pages of Hamlet over and over again, and another thing to witness the acted story of Hamlet over and over again. When people have seen that story performed—as all play-goers have—at least half a dozen times, they must, and do, begin to grow weary of it, though it is Shakespeare's. Let us have our new man (when we get him), or new woman (when she comes to enslave us), in new plays, where neither lady nor gentleman need challenge comparison with their respective predecessors, or disadvantageously exhibit themselves as interpreters of a story, which long experience has made the audience thoroughly well acquainted with beforehand.

A third article, which will be read with equal interest and profit, gives the History of the rise, progress, and present condition of the Electric Telegraph, both at home and abroad. The following account of the first application of the telegraph to police purposes, on the Great Western Railway, is very curious and remarkable—quite an episode in the social history of our own times:—

"The following extracts are from the telegraph book kept at the Paddington station:—  
"Eton Montem day, August 28, 1844.—The Commissioners of Police have issued orders that several officers of the detective force shall be stationed at Paddington to watch the movements of suspicious persons, going by the down-train, and give notice by the electric telegraph to the Slough station of the number of such suspected persons, and dress, their names if known, also the carriages in which they are."

"Now come the messages following one after the other, and influencing the fate of the marked individuals with all the celerity, certainty, and calmness of the Nemesis of the Greek drama:—

"Paddington, 10.20. A.M.—"Mail train just started. It contains three thieves, named Sparrow, Burrell, and Spurgeon, in the first compartment of the fourth first-class carriage."

"Slough, 10.48. A.M.—"Mail train arrived. The officers have cautioned the three thieves."

"Paddington, 10.50. A.M.—"Special train just left. It contained two thieves: one named Oliver Martin, who is dressed in black, craps on his hat; the other named Fiddler Dick, in black trousers and light blouse. Both in the third compartment of the first second-class carriage."

"Slough, 11.16. A.M.—"Special train arrived. Officers have taken the two thieves into custody, a lady having lost her bag, containing a purse with two sovereigns and some silver in it; one of the sovereigns was sworn to by the lady as having been her property. It was found in Fiddler Dick's watch-pocket."

"It appears that, on the arrival of the train, a policeman opened the door of the 'third compartment of the first second-class carriage,' and asked the passengers if they had missed anything? A search in pockets and bags accordingly ensued, until one lady called out that her purse was gone. 'Fiddler Dick, you are wanted,' was the immediate demand of the police-officer, beckoning to the culprit, who came out of the carriage thunderstruck at the discovery, and gave himself up, together with the booty, with the air of a completely beaten man. The effect of the capture so cleverly brought about is thus spoken of in the telegraph book:—

"Slough, 11.51. A.M.—"Several of the suspected persons who came by the various down-trains are lurking about Slough, uttering bitter invectives against the telegraph. Not one of them cautioned has ventured to proceed to the Montem."

"Ever after this the light-fingered gentry avoided the railway, and the too intelligent companion that ran beside it, and betook themselves again to the road—a retrograde step, to which on all great public occasions they continue to adhere."

About six months after the date of these entries, the foulest murder of modern times was committed near Slough, and the telegraph became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land, by securing the arrest of the murderer.—TAKELL.

Another interesting passage is this short narrative of the manner in which the telegraph was first set up in Switzerland:—

"The history of the telegraph in Switzerland is an evidence of what patriotic feeling is capable of accomplishing. Although by far the best and most extensive for a mountainous country in the world, it was constructed by the spontaneous efforts of the people. The peasantry gave their free labour towards erecting the wires and poles, the landlords found the timber and gave the right of way over their lands, and the communes provided station rooms in the towns. Thus the telegraph was completed, so to speak, for nothing. The peculiarity of the Swiss telegraph is that, like the great wall of China, it proceeds totally regardless of the nature of the ground. It climbs the pass of the Simplon in proceeding from Geneva to Milan—it goes over St. Gothard in its way from Lucerne to Como—it mounts the Splügen, and again it goes from Feldkirch to Innsbruck by the Arberg pass—thus ascending the great chain of the Alps as though it were only a gentle hill-side. The wires course along the lakes of Lucerne, Zug, Zurich, and Constance; sometimes they are nailed to precipices, sometimes they make short cuts over unfrequented spurs of the mountains—going every way, in short, that it is found most convenient to hang them. The completion of the telegraphic system of this little republic, which stands in the same relation to Southern as Belgium does to Northern Europe, was of great consequence, as it forms the key-stone between France, Prussia, Austria, Piedmont, and Italy."

Wonderfully as the telegraph strides through Switzerland, over mountain and valley alike, the most impressive situation which it has yet seized on is at Rome. There, the messenger of modern civilisation has invaded the mightiest ruin that remains to tell us of the barbarism of the old world. The electric telegraph crosses the Colosseum!

From the *Quarterly* we must now turn to the *Edinburgh*, and find that we have not changed for the better—principally, perhaps, because we have no relish left for retrospective political articles on the subject of the present war. We are as patriotic as most people, in our own way, and as anxious as all critical gentlemen ought to be, to give our readers the fullest and latest literary news. But we really cannot read any more about the "Diplomatic History of the Eastern Question" (which is the first article in the new *Edinburgh*)—we are also in much the same predicament in respect to the "Orders in Council on Trade during the War" (which is the sixth article)—and as for the "Russian War of 1854" (which is the last article), we know quite enough already about its past history, and are only anxious for information about its future prospects. From these subjects, and from other political topics, which occupy nearly nine-tenths of the space in the present *Edinburgh*, we turn to the only literary article in the number, and find it to be a deeply-learned review of HERMAN'S *Bechylus*. After looking through this, we finally address ourselves to an essay on a subject of general home interest—"Teetotalism; and Laws against the Liquor Trade." Here there are some pages which readers of all kinds will find pleasure in examining. Amazing extracts from teetotal literature are given; and, in a note, we have a fac-simile of the teetotal arms—a bottle rampant, with a muscular arm, a hand, and a threatening hammer, opposite: the effect of which device upon us is, that the owner of this muscular arm is in such a hurry to swallow the liquor in the rampant bottle that, instead of waiting to uncork it, he has precipitately made up his mind to knock the neck off.

We have not done with the Reviews yet. The *New Quarterly* claims notice, and deserves all praise, as a very complete book of reference for all buyers and borrowers of contemporary literature. In a critical point of view, this useful periodical will increase in value, when the contributors write in a less flippant style than that now adopted by the majority of them. The *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* varies the necessarily technical nature of most of its articles very agreeably and usefully, by a travelling story from the pen of Mr. DUDLEY COSTELLO, and by some pleasant antiquarian pages dedicated to *The Tomb of John Stowe*. The *Southern Quarterly Review* reaches us from America, and imitates the English Reviews closely enough, but has no feeble prejudices, on that account, in favour of England. In an article called "Africans at Home," the writer accuses the British of aiming at the destruction of the Caffre race, with the object, as he subsequently suggests, of teaching them "to use opium!" Surely the staff of the *Southern Quarterly* must include a Chinese gentleman to write the foreign articles?

We referred last week to the absolute stagnation of literary enterprise in France. The drama in Paris, however, still shows abundant symptoms of vitality. A new play has been produced at the THEATRE FRANCAIS, with Voltaire for a hero. We are told that it was admirably acted and "justly applauded;" and we therefore recommend it to the attention of Mr. WIGAN, who might make a "part" of Voltaire. At the GYMNASIUM, the last novelty has been a drama called *Les Cœurs d'Or*, written to contradict the theory of the marble-hearted nature of ladies of easy virtue, as advanced in *Les Filles de Marbre*—which the reader may remember was itself a rebuke administered to the "inextinguishable sympathies" of the younger DUMAS for "courtesans," as expressed in the *Dame aux Camélias*. The relative merits of the Cardinal Virtues and the Easy Virtues seem likely, at this rate, to found quite a new drama of moral recrimination. We have had already the proposition, the rejoinder, and the reply. What is to come next? Possibly a theatrical summing-up by a dramatist with a judicial mind, who, in regard both to the Cardinal Virtues and the Easy Virtues, will strictly confine himself to taking a middle course?

An awful dramatic solemnity—it seems irreverent to call it a "festival"—has been celebrated at Munich. The two first plays performed were rigidly classical; one being the genuine Greek metal, forged by SOPHOCLES; the other the finest German silver imitation manufactured by SCHILLER. *Antigone* led the way; and the *Bride of Messina* followed. The British playgoer some years since opened his eyes (and mouth) pretty widely at *Antigone*, and listened in a state of bewildered bliss to *Chorus* and *Semi-chorus*, *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*—what would have happened to him if he had witnessed the performance of the *Bride of Messina*? This play is too classical to allow the persons of the chorus to sing: they must only speak, and must moreover realise the modern notion of a disorderly mob, by all speaking at once. In the recent performance at Munich, twenty gentlemen—ten of them in brown dresses, and ten in red dresses—formed the chorus surrounding "the Princess Isabella," who, standing in the middle of them, uttered conciliatory speeches—as well she might, in such a situation—and was answered by the twenty mouths of the chorus all opening at once, all speaking the same words exactly at the same time, and all ending again right to a moment. The sound thus produced is described, by our French informant, THEOPHILE GAUTIER, as being like the voice of a Colossus. Heaven defend us from the colossal misfortune of ever having to hear it!

VICTOR SCHOELLER,\* one of the most deservedly esteemed among the many honoured names in the crowded lists of the Bonapartist proscription, a man of unsullied purity of life, and tried services in the cause of universal human freedom, white and black, lifts up his voice amidst the chorus of mutual felicitations that resound from shore to shore, to denounce and deplore, in terms of somewhat unmeasured declamation, an alliance which he deems fraught with peril and humiliation to the free country whose flag he has found to render the last refuge in Europe, and to whose laws and institutions he professes that respectful adhesion which a sense of hospitality alone would dictate to a heart alive to gratitude and honour. We shall return to this publication next week for the purpose of an "explanation."

#### BALBIRNIE ON THE WATER CURE.

*The Water Cure in Consumption and Scrofula: an Exposition of the Question of their Curability.* By John Balbirnie, M.A., M.D. Longman and Co.

JOHN MILL, in his "Logic," tells the story of some remarkable man, whose advice to a newly-appointed colony judge was, "Give judgment, but never give your reasons; the judgment will, from your natural sagacity, be often right—the reasons you allege will mostly be wrong." Very much this sentiment is the one we hold with reference to the Water Cure. As an empirical method of treatment we have some faith in Hydropathy; but when the hydropathists begin to give their "reasons," they usually shake our faith. Their practise is better than their science. When they reason upon physiological points, they always assume that the current doctrines of the day are indisputable, established truths of science; whereas a little examination would show them that, for the most part, they are reasoning upon data which can only be accepted provisionally.

The remark just made is intended to be general. We apply it also to the special case before us. Dr. Balbirnie has written a very elaborate, a very able, and a very interesting book on the *Water Cure in Consumption and Scrofula*—a book which the public may read with profit, and the profession with interest; but there is scarcely a proposition in the theoretical portions which is not open to criticism, and many of them will be unequivocally rejected. He makes a great claim for the recognition of a theory of tubercular disease—and it is evident that he has bestowed great labour on this theory—but according to strict scientific criticism, it is not a theory at all, but a "guess," and a guess which demands a vast amount of labour in the verification of certain data on which it rests.

"Much ingenious research has been spent in trying to find tubercle, *quoad tubercle*, in the blood, and much wonder expressed at its non-detection there. How gratuitous this search and this wonderment are will now be apparent. In vain will chemical test or microscopic lens be brought to reveal in the blood that which is only the product of subsequent transformations after it has left the vessels. Only the *materia tuberculi* exists in the blood—the vitiated oleo-albuminous element, and the cell-organisms of lowly-endowed vitality; the constitutional taint, or primary blood defect, being presupposed."

(The italics, as in all our extracts, are the author's own.) In trying to ascertain what is the real cause of tubercle, Dr. Balbirnie, after an interesting survey of the various theories offered by his predecessors, lays down these principles:—

"Animal life is maintained by constant supplies of food, for the purposes of growth and for the repair of its waste, and by proportional supplies of oxygen for respiratory or depurating purposes, i. e. as the means of combining with, and carrying out of the economy, the carbonaceous products of decomposition. Of the two, the depurating-process is much the more essential to life. Accordingly, there is only one apparatus or system appointed for the elaboration of the food, but many and large are the organs appropriated to the excretion of the corporeal waste. The lungs, liver, and skin are set apart for the elimination of the effete or superfluous carbon. The kidneys are the grand outlet of the nitrogenous matters and earthy and saline materials. Every other function may be suspended for a considerable time without involving life. We can live for weeks without food, or with the liver 'locked up,' and several days with the function of the kidneys suspended; but we can live only two or three hours with the skin coated over, and only a very few minutes with respiration suspended. Hence it is clear that the integrity of the eliminating functions is the first want of animal life, the indispensable condition of sound health. From the same facts, as well as from the immense extent and influence of the lungs and skin, it is manifest that the grand business of depuration chiefly falls on these organs."

"Good blood-making depends more on the active condition of the excreting functions than on the abstractly nutritive qualities of the food. Those who feed best, in the popular acceptance of the term, are not nourished best. An inferior aliment will be turned to good account—any ungenial substance it contains will be strained off—provided the air breathed and the exercise taken by the individual be such as to keep up a highly active state of the

eliminary outlets of the body, especially of the lungs and skin. On the contrary, the richer the diet and the less the elimination of the corporeal waste, the more are artificial causes of disease added to natural ones—retained excretions being the most potent source of disease."

Very sound doctrine this. Dr. Balbirnie adds:—

"LACTIC ACID is one of the products of the decomposition of the tissues, and finds its chief outlet by the skin. When the cutaneous function is impaired—and this impairment, we contend, is an integral part of *Scrofula*—the elimination of the lactic acid is attempted by other outlets, chiefly by the bowels. Hence the prevailing acidity of the intestinal canal in *Scrofula* and *Phthisis*, remarked by all who have investigated the point. Hence the partial and temporary benefit of alkaline remedies in these diseases. This acidity of the *primæ viæ*, and the derangements of the alimentary canal associated with it, are most common in infants and children. Hence their greater tendency to manifest the mesenteric forms of *Scrofula*."

Here is the primary cause of consumption according to Dr. Balbirnie:—

"IMPERFECT BLOOD-PURIFICATION—DEFICIENT PLAY OF THE EXCRETORY FUNCTIONS, AND NOT DIRECTLY BAD DIGESTION OR FAULTY BLOOD-MAKING—IS THE PRIMARY SOURCE OF THE VITIATION OF THE SOLIDS AND FLUIDS CHARACTERISTIC OF SCROFULA AND CONSUMPTION."

The theory may now be presented:—

"The oil and albumen of the food with the inorganic elements they hold in solution, acted on mechanically, chemically, and vitally in the body, constitute the material from which the blood is formed. The presence of these elements in proper proportions, and unimpaired in their atomic constituents, is absolutely necessary to maintain the vital properties of the blood. A drop of chyle, taken from an animal a few hours after a meal, contains—1st. A molecular basis of inconceivably minute particles. 2ndly, numerous corpuscles in different states of development into blood-globules. This molecular basis consists principally of fat, coated with albumen. These two important principles constitute the essential nutrient elements of the chyme: emulsified into the minutest particles, they pass through the intestinal villi, and into the lacteals in the form of the milky fluid called *chyle*."

"When the indispensable supply of oxygen for combining with and abstracting the perpetual waste of the body fails by its legitimate sources—the lungs and skin—the only alternative left for nature is to convert certain of the elements of nutrition into elements of depuration—the latter being by far the more pressing demand of the economy. The food, therefore, no sooner begins to be dissolved in the stomach, and its elements set free, than a portion of the oxygen of the oil, and the albumen is abstracted to supply the lack of that which should have been introduced by the lungs; thereby vitiating the constitution of these nutrient principles, and effectually disabling them for perfect nutrition, precisely to the extent to which the robbery of their oxygen has taken place."

"THE OIL AND ALBUMEN ARE DEOXYDATED—in other words, made to yield up a certain amount of their oxygen. Hence it comes to pass, that that which was previously oil and albumen is now neither the one nor the other, but a *tertium quid*—a deteriorated substance unfit for sound nutrition. With regard to the albumen of tubercular blood it is, by universal consent of chemists and pathologists, admitted to be of degraded quality; but what the precise change that has passed upon it, is chemistry has not yet clearly taught us. That change we announce. It is DEOXYDATED ALBUMEN. It has given up a portion of its oxygen for departing purposes. The defect in the constitution of the albumen is shown by this, that when it should *floritate*, or develop into the characters of healthy fibrine, it assumes instead a granular amorphous form. But we are not left in the same uncertainty as to the result to the oily principle of the loss of a portion of its oxygen. Chemistry even defines and gives a name to this deoxydated oil. It is *cholesterine*—a form utterly unfit for nutrition. It abounds, as we should expect, in tubercle. The liver is the appointed organ for eliminating the excess of fatty matters in the system. Cholesterine is a constituent of bile. When in excess in the economy, of course we have *fatty liver*—the peculiar lesion of consumptive patients."

"Of these deoxydated materials, the tubercular body is obliged to make the most as the foundation of its blood-globules. Need we wonder then that such blood-globules should be of lowly endowed vital properties, and that in proportion as the system is compelled to use this faulty material, there should be a progressive deterioration of the whole solids and fluids of the body—to an extent in the long run utterly incompatible with the functions of life."

We have no space to combat this theory, and must be content with its enunciation. The following extract alone would afford text for columns of comment:—

"No truth is more certain than this, viz., that the OXYGEN OF THE FOOD IS CONVERTED INTO AN ELEMENT OF RESPIRATION OR OF DEPURATION, WHENEVER SUFFICIENT OXYGEN FOR THE PURPOSE IS NOT FORTHCOMING BY THE INLET OF THE LUNGS, OR SUFFICIENT CARBON NOT ELIMINATED BY THE OUTLET OF THE SKIN. Here is a new factor of the disease, we introduce to the notice of the profession—one destined to create a great revolution in practice, and to influence the destinies of thousands of unborn generations. Science will only every day confirm this truth. Deoxydation, or deficient oxidation of the waste of the body, will be found to lie at the foundation of most diseases—an evil aggravated by the attempts of the system to compensate this defect by abstracting oxygen from the food."

Now here is a proposition ushered in with the announcement that "no truth is more certain," every sentence of which is hypothetical.

But happily for consumptive patients, the treatment adopted by Dr. Balbirnie is not dependent on the correctness of his theory of tubercle; nor is the value of this book to be measured by the confidence accorded to that theory. He treats patients on water-cure principles, but without quackery and without bigotry, as may be gathered from the following candid admission:—

"Enlarged experience proves that the water-cure is far from justifying the exclusive pretensions set up for it by its early writers and practitioners. We are willing to confess error for our own part: to admit that, in the warmth of our zeal in a good cause, in the day in question, we may have exaggerated the extent of its action and applicability. It is found to be, in effect, anything but a cure for all diseases, and it is very far from curing even all curable diseases. It is a very great way off from the infallibility, the precision, and the power first claimed for it. Whether, abstractly considered, hygienic agencies alone comprise all the needed modifiers of the organism which the exigencies of disease demand, is still an open question. And if it were decided in the affirmative, who is the practitioner that dare lay claim to the energy, the genius, and the ubiquity requisite *always* to work this simple agency with the best effect."

"De facto, we find it impossible, in the present state of knowledge and of society, altogether, and in all cases, to dispense with the aid of drugs in the treatment of disease, unless at the expense of great and gratuitous suffering to the patient, and the deferring of convalescence often for weeks. In a commercial country like ours, to gain time is an element of paramount consideration with crowds of patients. That the profession themselves admit the crying abuse of drugs is quite enough; but therefore to denounce and renounce their use is madness in the extreme. This point also we concede, viz.—that the disadvantages of town practice make them to be much more resorted to than is found necessary in patients placed under the favourable hygienic circumstances of such a health-resort as Malvern."

The work throughout exhibits the candour, no less than the ability, of a philosophic physician, biassed, of course, in favour of his own principles, but ready enough to admit where they may fail to carry him. He describes with graphic power the structural changes which occur in consumption—and here he alights upon a very important consideration:

"The writer believes that he is the first, at least in this country, strongly to insist on inflammatory or fibrinous exudations around tubercular deposits and the linings of cavities as nature's grand mode of spontaneous arrest of the disease. Hence chalky concretions—

\* *Dangers to England of the Alliance with the Men of the Coup d'Etat.* By Victor Schoeller, Representative of the People. London: Trübner and Co. 1854.



the point blank evidences of the absorption of the animal parts of tubercle—are always found imbedded in an artificial cyst, produced by the hardening and contraction of the coagulable lymph which nature pours out in inflammatory attacks, or in pauses of the constitutional malady—i. e. in an improved condition of the blood. Thus we have solved the problem M. Louis considered unsolvable. The conditions of spontaneous arrest of pulmonary lesions are, 1st, an improved condition of the blood—the drying up of the corrupt fountain of the malady—and 2nd, the effusion of plastic exudation around deposits or cavities, which serves in the former case (deposits) as a 'wall of circumvallation' to separate the diseased from the healthy, the living from the dead parts; and in the latter case (cavities) to dry up and bring together ulcerating walls."

He also describes the four (not three) phases of consumption, and the causes of the disease. But the portion of the work which will most directly appeal to the public is the history of one hundred and forty-seven cases of consumption, some of them in the last stage, which have been cured, and which therefore prove that consumption is curable, or that at least it is not necessarily fatal.

When we said that Dr. Balbirnie's treatment was not dependent on his theory, we alluded to the theory of tubercle being deoxygenated fat; of course his treatment depends on his theory of the causes of consumption, as, for example, in the following passage:

"To us, indeed, it is the clearest of truths, viz., that STAGNATION, OR INSUFFICIENT RENEWAL OF THE AIR IN THE CHEST—DEFECTIVE LUNG-PLAY, DEFECTIVE BLOOD-PURIFICATION, WITH AN EQUALLY ENFEEBLED ACTION OF THE CUTANEOUS FUNCTIONS—ALL RESULTING FROM BODILY INACTIVITY—LIE AT THE FOUNDATION OF THE PHENOMENA OF THE TUBERCULOUS CONSTITUTION. Another equally obvious truth, to us, is this, viz., that, THE TREATMENT THAT WILL FULL-SURELY REALISE THE GREATEST SUCCESS YET RECORDED, IS THAT WHICH IS BASED PRE-EMINENTLY ON THE CORRECTION OF THESE TWO MASTER-EVILS. This treatment includes regimen, bathing, exercise, change of air and scene, agreeable society, and every other precaution and resource which hygiene can supply."

"In females sedentarily employed, the cases of consumption, compared with all other diseases, were three times as numerous as among those engaged in active domestic occupations (servants, housekeepers, shopkeepers). Men following in-door work fall into consumption much earlier in life than those employed out of doors. In females generally, the ratio of cases was highest in those following in-door sedentary employments, less in those having mixed in-door occupations, and least of all in those employed out of doors. In men, the ratio of cases of consumption to all other diseases is somewhat higher in those following in-door labour than in those employed in the open air; and among the in-door operatives the ratio is highest where there is the least exercise, and lowest in employments requiring strong exercise. The disease also occurs earlier in life among those whose occupations give a higher ratio of cases."

"The injuriousness of the worst occupations is not unavoidable, certainly not uncounteractable. No occupation by which man may honestly earn his bread, need be, should be, *per se*, unwholesome. Employments owe their malign influence to the unfavourable circumstances of the employed—to the wilful, systematic violation of sanitary laws, under which they are pursued. The cupidity of the employer, and the recklessness of the workman, are the greatest disseminators of disease. The impure air of workshops, prolonged hours of labour, constrained positions of body while at work, deficiency of light, &c., are not necessary or irremediable evils of man's toiling lot. But these evils are often tenfold aggravated by the mental and physical depression produced by dissipation and injurious habits of all sorts. Undoubtedly the inhalation of minute particles of minerals, metals, and animal and vegetable substances floating in the atmosphere, are sources of pulmonary irritation, and eventually causes of consumption, in stonemasons, needle-pointers, flax and feather dressers, glass-cutters, turners, &c.; but by far the greatest injury is inflicted on the constitutions of the men by collateral causes which they have perfectly under their own control."

These questions we must leave to the profession—*non nostrum est tantas componere lites*—enough if we have called attention to a book worthy of all attention on a subject of immense importance.

#### MRS. STOWE ON HER TRAVELS.

*Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.* By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Sampson, Low, and Co.

In the preface to these volumes Mrs. Stowe states that she would not have published her new book in England but for certain misrepresentations of the circumstances related in it, which have obtained currency in this country, and which she thinks it desirable to refute. She also begs the English reader to remember that her "Memories" are addressed especially to the American public—requests that due allowance may be made for them accordingly—apologises for taking an inveterately amiable view of our country and its inhabitants, by assuring us that her "impressions" have been set down as the results of "a most agreeable visit"—and declares that she would have been placed far more at her ease if there had been no prospect of issuing the present publication in England. To speak plainly, we believe these explanations and excuses to be occasioned by a very natural anxiety on Mrs. Stowe's part not to be tried by the literary standard of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on her second appearance among us as a writer. Feeling this conviction, and having, moreover, no sympathy with that unprofitable kind of criticism which cannot examine a writer's later literary offspring without making disparaging references to the first born children of his brain, we beg to assure Mrs. Stowe that her present book of travelling experiences is in no danger of being estimated by us, in any critical point of view, by the literary standard of her famous fiction. So far as the main purpose of this notice is concerned, whatever genuine sparkles of light there may be in the "Sunny Memories" shall not be darkened for a moment by so much as the shadow of "Uncle Tom."

Looking, then, at this work only as the production of an American lady, who, from certain circumstances, was received with very uncommon respect and regard in England and in other European countries that she visited, we have, in a general way, nothing but a negative objection to make against it. It is not in any respect a striking book; it has nothing fresh and original about it; and it differs in no important point that we can discover, from the printed travelling gossip of American ladies in general. Mrs. Stowe, as a traveller, may claim the merit of looking at the brightest and best side of everything that she observes, and of writing in certain places, and on certain subjects, with great good sense. We wish that she was a little less primly conscious of her own humility in some passages, and a little less devoutly free and easy on serious subjects in others. Plenty of faults might be found with her besides the defects just indicated, if we chose to go into details. But she has asked us to make allowances, and we have very readily made them. What we have not been able to do is to feel any enthusiasm or extraordinary interest while reading her book. When we have said that it is moderately clever in a conventional way, good humoured

and amiable in its general tone, and straightforward and sensible in certain detached passages, we have spoken our conscientious opinion, and need say no more.

Having expressed what our own estimate is of "Sunny Memories," the only duty that remains to be performed is to let Mrs. Stowe appeal from our judgment to the judgment of our readers. Are we right or wrong in considering that this passage might have been written by any woman of ordinary intelligence or education either in England or America?—

"When the ship has been out about eight days, an evident bettering of spirits and condition obtains among the passengers. Many of the sick ones take heart, and appear again among the walks and ways of men; the ladies assemble in little knots, and talk of getting on shore. The more knowing ones, who have travelled before, embrace this opportunity to show their knowledge of life by telling the new hands all sorts of hobgoblin stories about the custom-house officers and the difficulties of getting landed in England. It is a curious fact, that old travellers generally seem to take this particular delight in striking consternation into younger ones."

"You'll have all your daguerreotypes taken away," says one lady, who, in right of having crossed the ocean nine times, is entitled to speak *ex cathedra* on the subject.

"All our daguerreotypes!" shriek four or five at once. "Pray tell what for?"

"They will do it," says the knowing lady, with an awful nod; "unless you hide them and all your books, they'll burn up—"

"Burn our books?" exclaim the circle. "O, dreadful! What do they do that for?"

"They're very particular always to burn up all your books. I knew a lady who had a dozen burned," says the wise one.

"Dear me! will they take our dresses?" says a young lady, with increasing alarm.

"No, but they'll pull everything out, and tumble them well over, I can tell you."

"How horrid!"

"An old lady, who has been very sick all the way, is revived by this appalling intelligence."

"I hope they won't tumble over my caps!" she exclaims.

"Yes, they will have everything out on deck," says the lady, delighted with the increasing sensation. "I tell you you don't know these custom-house officers."

"It's too bad!" "It's dreadful!" "How horrid!" exclaim all.

"I shall put my best things in my pocket," exclaims one. "They don't search our pockets, do they?"

"Well, no, not here; but I tell you they'll search your pockets at Antwerp and Brussels," says the lady.

"Somebody catches the sound, and flies off into the state-rooms with the intelligence that the custom-house officers are so dreadful—they rip open your trunks, pull out all your things, burn your books, take away your daguerreotypes, and even search your pockets; and a row of groans is heard ascending from the row of state-rooms, as all begin to revolve what they have in their trunks, and what they are to do in this emergency."

"Pray tell me," said I, to a gentlemanly man, who had crossed four or five times, "is there really so much annoyance at the custom-house?"

"Annoyance, ma'am? No, not the slightest."

"But do they really turn out the contents of the trunks, and take away people's daguerreotypes, and burn their books?"

"Nothing of the kind, ma'am. I apprehend no difficulty. I never had any. There are a few articles on which duty is charged. I have a case of cigars, for instance; I shall show them to the custom-house officer, and pay the duty. If a person seems disposed to be fair, there is no difficulty. The examination of ladies' trunks is merely nominal; nothing is deranged."

"So it proved. We arrived on Sunday morning; the custom-house officers, very gentlemanly men, came on board; our luggage was all set out, and passed through a rapid examination, which in many cases amounted only to opening the trunk and shutting it, and all was over. The whole ceremony did not occupy two hours."

Take another example. Is it above the average magazine writing mark?—

"Well, we are in Scotland at last, and now our pulse rises as the sun declines in the west. We catch glimpses of the Solway Frith, and talk about Redgauntlet."

"One says, 'Do you remember the scene on the sea-shore, with which it opens, describing the rising of the tide?'"

"And says another, 'Don't you remember those lines in the Young Lochinvar song?—'"

"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide."

"I wonder how many authors it will take to enchant our country from Maine to New Orleans, as every foot of ground is enchanted here in Scotland."

"The sun went down, and night drew on; still we were in Scotland. Scotch ballads, Scotch tunes, and Scotch literature, were in the ascendant. We sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Scots wha hae,' and 'Bonnie Doon,' and then, changing the key, sang 'Dundee,' 'Elgin,' and 'Martyr.'"

"Take care," said Mr. S.; "don't get too much excited."

"Ah," said I, "this is a thing that comes only once in a lifetime; do let us have the comfort of it. We shall never come into Scotland for the first time again."

"Ah," said another, "how I wish Walter Scott was alive!"

"While we thus at the fusion point of enthusiasm, the cars stopped at Lockerbie, where the real Old Mortality is buried. All was dim and dark outside, but we soon became conscious that there was quite a number collected, peering into the window; and, with a strange kind of thrill, I heard my name inquired for in the Scottish accent. I went to the window; there were men, women, and children there, and hand after hand was presented, with the words, 'Ye're welcome to Scotland!'"

"Then they inquired for, and shook hands with, all the party, having in some mysterious manner got the knowledge of who they were, even down to little G—, whom they took to be my son. Was it not pleasant, when I had a heart so warm for this old country? I shall never forget the thrill of those words, 'Ye're welcome to Scotland,' nor the 'Gude night.'"

What does the reader say to the following religious reflections on chivalry and its enthusiasts?—

"I have often been dissatisfied with the admiration which a poetic education has woven into my nature for chivalry and feudalism; but, on a closer examination, I am convinced that there is a real and proper foundation for it, and that, rightly understood, this poetic admiration is not inconsistent with the spirit of Christ."

"For, let us consider what it is we admire in these Douglasses, for instance, who, as represented by Scott, are perhaps as good exponents of the idea as any. Was it their hardness, their cruelty, their hastiness to take offence, their fondness for blood and murder? All these, by and of themselves, are simply disgusting. What, then, do we admire? Their courage, their fortitude, their scorn of lying and dissimulation, their high sense of personal honour, which led them to feel themselves the protectors of the weak, and to disdain to take advantage of unequal odds against an enemy. If we read the book of Isaiah, we shall see that some of the most striking representations of God appeal to the very same principles of our nature."

"The fact is, there can be no reliable character which has not its basis in these strong qualities. The beautiful must ever rest in the arms of the sublime. The gentle needs the strong to sustain it, as much as the rock-flowers need rocks to grow on, or yonder ivy the rugged wall which it embraces. When we are admiring these things, therefore, we are only admiring some sparkles and glimmers of that which is divine, and so coming nearer to Him in whom all fulness dwells."

Here is Mrs. Stowe's account of her meeting with some admiring Scotch ladies:—

"As we were walking along a carriage came up after us, in which were two ladies. A bunch of primroses, thrown from this carriage, fell at my feet. I picked it up, and then the carriage stopped, and the ladies requested to know if I was Mrs. Stowe. On answering in the affirmative, they urged me so earnestly to come under their roof and take some refreshment, that I began to remember, what I had partly lost sight of, that I was very tired; so,

while the rest of the party walked on to get a distant view of Ben Lomond, Mr. S. and I suffered ourselves to be taken into the carriage of our unknown friends, and carried up to a charming little Italian villa, which stood, surrounded by flower-gardens and pleasure-grounds, at the head of the loch. We were ushered into a most comfortable parlour, where a long window, made of one clear unbroken sheet of plate glass, gave a perfect view of the loch with all its woody shores, with Rosemuth Castle in the distance. My good hostesses literally overhauled me with kindness; but as there was nothing I really needed so much as a little quiet rest, they took me to a cosy bedroom, of which they gave me the freedom, for the present. Does not every traveller know what a luxury it is to shut one's eyes sometimes? The chamber which is called 'Peace,' is now, as it was in Christian's days, one of the best things that Charity or Piety could offer to the pilgrim. Here I got a little brush from the wings of dewy-feathered Sleep.

After a while our party came back, and we had to be moving. My kind friends expressed so much joy at having met me, that it was really almost embarrassing. They told me that they, being confined to the house through ill health, and one of them by lameness, had had no hope of ever seeing me, and that this meeting seemed a wonderful gift of Providence. They bade me take courage and hope, for they felt assured that the Lord would yet entirely make an end of slavery through the world."

We have already referred to the good sense that characterises some passages of Mrs. Stowe's book. Read this specimen of the honest and fearless manner in which she writes what she really thinks about pictures by the Old Masters:—

"Mrs. B. says that to-morrow morning we shall go out to see the Dulwich Gallery, a fine collection of paintings by the old masters. Now, I confess unto you that I have great suspicions of these old masters. Why, I wish to know, should none but old masters be thought anything of? Is not nature ever springing, ever new? Is it not fair to conclude that all the mechanical assistants of painting are improved with the advance of society, as much as of all arts? May not the magical tints, which are said to be a secret with the old masters, be the effect of time in part? or may not modern artists have their secrets, as well, for future ages to study and admire? Then, besides, how are we to know that our admiration of old masters is genuine, since we can bring our taste to anything, if we only know we must, and try long enough? People never like olives the first time they eat them. In fact, I must confess, I have some partialities towards young masters, and a sort of suspicion that we are passing over better paintings at our side, to get at those which, though the best of their day, are not so good as the best of ours. I certainly do not worship the old English poets. With the exception of Milton and Shakespeare, there is more poetry in the works of the writers of the last fifty years than in all the rest together. Well, these are my surmises for the present; but one thing I am determined—as my admiration is nothing to anybody but myself, I will keep some likes and dislikes of my own, and will not get into any raptures that do not arise of themselves. I am entirely willing to be conquered by any picture that has the power. I will be a non-resistant, but that is all."

"May 5. Well, we saw the Dulwich Gallery; five rooms filled with old masters, Murillo, Claude, Rubens, Salvator Rosas, Titians, Cyprias, Vandikes, and all the rest of them; probably not the best specimens of any one of them, but good enough to begin with. C. and I took different courses. I said to him, 'Now choose nine pictures simply by your eye, and see how far its untaught guidance will bring you within the canons of criticism.' When he had gone through all the rooms and marked his pictures, we found he had selected two by Rubens, two by Vandike, one by Salvator Rosas, three by Murillo, and one by Titian. Pretty successful that, was it not, for a first essay? We then took the catalogue, and selected all the pictures of each artist one after another, in order to get an idea of the style of each. I had a great curiosity to see Claude Lorraine's, remembering the poetical things that had been said and sung of him. I thought I would see if I could distinguish them by my eye without looking at the catalogue. I found I could do so. I knew them by a certain misty quality in the atmosphere. I was disappointed in them, very much. Certainly they were good paintings; I had nothing to object to them, but I profanely thought I had seen pictures by modern landscape painters as far excelling them as a brilliant morning excels a cool, gray day. Very likely the fault was all in me, but I could not help it; so I tried the Murillos. There was a Virgin and Child, with clouds around them. The virgin was a very pretty girl, such as you may see by the dozen in any boarding-school, and the child was a pretty child. Call it the young mother and son, and it is a very pretty picture; but call it Mary and the Infant Jesus, and it is an utter failure. Not such was the Jewish princess, the inspired poetess and priestess, the chosen of God among all women."

This passage is one of the best in the book; and, as we desire to part with Mrs. Stowe on the friendliest terms possible, we will now close "Sunny Memories" without attempting to make any more extracts.

#### LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN.

Letters of an American. Mainly on Russia and Revolution. Edited by Walter Savage Landor. Chapman and Hall.

REPUBLICANS at twenty are as rife as the illusions of that happy age. Republicans at seventy are more rare. We live in days of we will not say political decrepitude; the germs of young life are hidden in the crumbling soil; but of weariness, if not of indifference, of doubt if not of disgust. The atmosphere of public life seems withered by the dry heat of material progress, and, as in certain climates of America and Australia, active men are old before they have known the glory and the delight of being young. This premature decay of the larger and more generous beliefs may be the punishment of excessive credulity, of immoderate enthusiasm for 'eternal principles'; it may be the lassitude of exhausted aspirations; it may be the evil and necessary consequence of a reign of order in which 'interests' and social tranquillity (tempered by ingenious crimes and economical debaucheries) are an established religion, and human rights and national liberties a mischievous and abusive rhapsody of words. Suffice it for the moment that we recognise the universal sterility. We are aware that the world still keeps moving at the orders of more than a metropolitan police, and that our existence is transitional. We may be pardoned a passing expression of regret that we are not our own posterity; and with that single reservation we are content to join in the national responses to that creed of the nineteenth century, which commences, "We believe in steamers, cotton, and telegraphs."

Such, however, does not appear to be the creed, perhaps we should say the whole creed, of that exceptional 'republican at seventy,' WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

His faith in freedom and detestation of all forms of hereditary misgovernment and servility wax stronger with years, and burn brighter and clearer in the general obscurity. He does not come down from the placid heights of age to visit with condescending banter and complacent pity the generous follies of a new generation; he does not even withdraw from the wearing pottinesses of pigmy governors to the grander and more inspiring companionship of heroic sufferers and thinkers in the past, whose immortal legacies are not less the consolation of old age than the incentive of youth; he does not retire, *tangam in portum*, into the calm retreats of philosophy, still less does he content and console a cultivated leisure with a saddened smile at human agitations, and, like Michel de Montaigne, consign

all men and things to one universal formula of indifference. On the contrary, if he seeks repose in the groves and halls of the Academy he mingles gladly with the crowd in the Agora, and beneath the grateful shade of the Tuscan plane-trees exchanges anxious glances with the men of the Forum.

It may be that the classical robes, which he never quite throws off, lend a certain antique and unreal air to the modern tyrants and patriots whom he denounces with so correct an anger, or celebrates with so chastened and dignified an admiration. But for this sculpturesque drapery of thought, sometimes eccentric, always noble and elevated, never mean, we may perhaps be thankful. Convictions so 'extreme' could hardly have preserved their freshness and their vivacity in a more modern costume.

Not long since Mr. Landor collected a mass of his more fugitive writings of later years (some of which appeared originally in our journal) into a volume, on which he bestowed the touching title "Last Leaves from an Old Tree." We confess to have shared the doubts of many of the author's friends whether the old tree, like many another vigorous oak, would not put out some more last leaves under the influence of a stormy summer, after other and less vigorous trees had shaded, rather than refreshed us with their luxuriance of useless foliage.

Dropping the 'tree,' we shall not be accused of indiscretion if we consider Mr. Jonas Pottinger and Mr. Ephraim Maplebury, the writer and recipient of these twenty-three remarkable letters as, if not "Leaves of an old Tree," at least, to adopt the familiar language of fond fathers who have quite made up their minds about the authenticity of their offspring "Chips of the old Block." With all our faith in the destiny and the duty of America as a nation, we have a grain of doubt as to the classical republicanism of that highly respectable and influential citizen of New England, Mr. "Ephraim Maplebury," supposing that gentleman to be a real entity. It is quite possible that Mr. Maplebury might, as he does in these letters, condemn the acquisition of Cuba as a southern speculation, and might propose the purchase from England of the Hudson's Bay territory. Whether he would propose to defend Canada and Nova Scotia for England against an enemy, in case of any future war, is another question which Mr. Maplebury would (we trust we do him no injustice in supposing), probably determine by a rough calculation in £ s. d. We should be delighted to give Mr. Maplebury credit for any other considerations where the fortunes of his "Mother," (as he calls England when he writes with Mr. Landor's "fine Roman" pen) or the rights and liberties of nations are concerned. Let us, however, permit Mr. Maplebury to abandon his assumption of a filial patriot, a lover of liberty for its own sake, and a traditional Puritan, and to sink peacefully into the more congenial dress of a cousin of Mr. Cobden, entertaining much the same "views," a man, without doubt, of strict commercial integrity and acuteness, and decidedly not enthusiastic about the liberties of Europe or the honour of England. We can afford him some degree of respect in that character, while we reserve the higher feelings of admiration for his sponsor, Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

There is no sign of age, except of its maturity, its mellowness, and its dignity, in these terse, vivid, and vigorous letters. Mr. Landor has seldom written with more force and point: he has often written with more eccentricity, and less continence of style. There is scarcely a page we have not marked for some sentence, which Tacitus would hardly have disowned, for that brevity and fulness which indicate at once the hand of the stylist and the self-possession of the master of his thought. With most of the opinions of the writer we need scarcely say the *Leader* is essentially identified, though a journal dealing with contemporary practicalities must needs make some deductions from abstract opinions, not so much for the sake of success, as for the sake of existence. We may trust that monarchy in general will some day be "garnered up in our museums and exhibited with the megatheria," but to discuss the movements of an amiable and innocuous Court from that point of view would be at once silly and impracticable. We may hold that a *battue* of the *Almanach de Gotha* would be a summary and effectual process of putting a stop to revolution by abolishing the occupiers of great and little thrones; but to propose such a "solution of the European question" would be to incur, if not to deserve, the reputation of a Greenacre at large. We may celebrate the myrtle-crowned dangers of Harmodius and Aristogeiton (we were taught tyrannicide at Eton, according to that awful system of Pagan education which the Abbe Gamme denounces), but to propose the exploit of those fortunate youths for modern emulation would put us out of the pale of received, we do not say of conventional, opinions. There is scarcely any prominent topic in the politics of the day which Mr. Landor has not here touched and adorned with the strength and grace of a master. The bitterness is Attic, the terseness Roman, the sturdiness Saxon, but the pervading spirit, in the largest sense, humane. We have no space here for the many extractable passages in these twenty-three short letters on the impolicy and indignity of the Austrian alliance, on the perfidious conspiracy of thrones against nations, on the backstairs intrigues of palaces, on the necessity of crippling Russia, on the true cause of revolutions and the true description of revolutionists, on the theological burlesques of Christianity, on the weakness and vacillation of English ministers, on the restoration of Hungarian and Polish nationalities, on the corruption of the Universities, and the Puseyite fopperies of the Church, on the supposed tailoring propensities of a "field-marshal on other fr'ds than those of battle," on the impotence and imbecility of our diplomatists, on the jobbery of our dockyards, on the importance of the Isthmus of Suez to England, on the policy of America towards Cuba, on the incumbrances of the British soldier as compared with the French, on the "sagacity," the power, and the opportunities of Napoleon III. There has undoubtedly been a considerable revision of feeling in this country towards Louis Napoleon; and this change we must be allowed to assure our French friends, whose proscription we denounce and deplore, is not the mere consequence of a supposed political necessity: it is the gradual persuasion that the sometime lodger of King-street, St. James's, is really animated by friendly recollections of England, and convinced of the advantages of our alliance. In another place, however, we shall say more on this subject. Mr. Landor speaks of the present Emperor of the French in the highest terms of admiration and respect. No pen was more severe on the perfidies, the cruelties, and the crimes of the *coup-d'état* than Mr.



Landor's in 1852. The amenities of Bath were forgotten, and the friendship of the usurper indignantly rejected. He does not allude to that unpleasant incident at this date, but contents himself with a passing protest at the destruction of the Roman Republic. What will the French proscription say to these compliments and to these remissions from a republican *pur sang*, like Mr. Landor, without the journalist's excuse?

It is noticeable that Mr. Landor dedicates these letters, in a few words of emphatic commendation, to Mr. Gladstone, as one who "at Naples perceived the causes of revolutions, and exposed them." We have only room for a few brief extracts in this place, but we shall endeavour to commit further depredations on the letters elsewhere.

## MODERN KINGS.

"Read the court-calendars, run over the red-letters of kings; against which of these letters does your finger touch the initials of an honest man? Look at Spain, whose planks we are collecting, wrecked and rotten. Look wherever else you will across the Atlantic, and you will discover no potentate on the whole mainland whose signature you would endorse to the value of a cent. Spain, formerly the most honourable of nations, is now the most dishonourable, and her queens bear the same character as her kings. The people hath lost alike the civilisation of the Moors and the fortitude of the Goths. A few generations of Bourbon kings have been sufficient to efface the character of the nation. And yet this worthless race is that which some hundreds of Frenchmen, perhaps a thousand or more, would replace on the throne of France!"

## LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"The heir of Napoleon the First is Emperor of France. The people, almost unanimously, have called him to the throne. They were indignant at being defrauded by their representation, and, fond of any clever trick, were amused at seeing them scattered. The French revolution is at last complete. Let the virtue of Napoleon the Third be but equal to his sagacity, and Europe may then expect more blessings at his hand than ever she experienced of misdeeds from his uncle. This is much, very much indeed; and what is there which can induce us to hope it? What is there? His interest; the prime mover of men and nations."

"There is one palace on earth in which the hungry courtier is less attentively listened to than the man of calm reflection. In that palace my distant voice may perhaps be heard; it is the only one I am desirous it should enter. Confident is my hope and my belief that the wisest, and, since his accession, the most consistent, of rulers will open a newer and wider and more indestructible road to his ambition. He may acquire a far more glorious name in history than the proudest and mightiest of his predecessors; his title may be the *Napoleon of Peace*."

"Unfriendly as I confess I have always felt toward the Emperor of France, because of his treacherous invasion of the Roman Republic, yet, long before that time, and ever since, I saw clearly, although not to the bottom, his deep sagacity. Firmly do I believe that a statesman of equal ability is nowhere in existence. Surely he, who has almost attained the glory of a Cæsar, will never condescend to be little better than a Richelieu. He has avoided, and will continue to avoid, the errors of his uncle. The one might have broken up the Russian empire; the other will."

## THE DUTY OF MEN AND OF NATIONS.

"Let every man row to himself, and to his God, that the order of the Universe shall not be disturbed by anarchy; that God alone is Unity; that, if the laws of men are violated by man, his laws shall take their place; that, if lesser offences are punished, greater shall be; that, if the incendiary of a corn-stack suffers death for it, the incendiary of a province shall undergo the same penalty; that every city is bound in duty to prosecute him, and every man in every city to lift up a hand against him. By these resolutions the people of Europe may at last recover from their fallen state: until they are carried into execution, it is vain to expect, it is unmanly to be anxious about, their welfare."

## TYRANNICIDE.

"Assassination (villainous term for glorious deed) is the natural death of tyrants; but to what a condition must a people be reduced when the prodigal and the coward are ministers of justice. Ought this to be? But there are circumstances in which I would again ask you, ought it not to be? What, if a million are held in bondage; what, if they must cut the ruler's throat before they can cut the bonds? Which is best? that a million should endure a life of ignominy and servitude, or one man endure one blow? If he suffer, it is for a moment; if they suffer, it is for ages. Punishment for ages would not repay his guilt; theirs is mainly his. Another such will spring up, you tell me. No doubt; have not weeds and brambles sprung up in your homestead year after year? and have not you exterminated them until none are left? Perseverance is manly, is heroic, is godlike: all good results from it. The fruits of the earth are irrigated by the sweat of the brow; no curse is there in this denunciation. 'Why sittest thou idle?' is the gravest of rebukes."

## JOBBERY.

"Recently I have heard (whether true or false it is the business and duty of others to determine) that a piece of land near Southampton was wanted for a signal-station. It belongs to a gentleman of high family and equally high honour, a gentleman in the service of her Majesty, Mr. Leveson Gower. The incredible thing is, a thing without precedent, a thing which stands quite alone, this gentleman asked for it no more than its intrinsic value—five hundred pounds. He was informed by a person in office that, for a decent gratuity, he might obtain fifteen hundred. Indignant at the proposal, he made it known immediately to the head of the department. No notice was taken."

The following passage on Italy begins like a strain of fine music:—

## ITALY.

"Never more shall we two revail that central city of central Europe, where the great master and the greater scholar with a stroke of the pencil resuscitated saint and martyr, painted beauty, dignified decrepitude, gave infancy foreknowledge, then sat all together, and caught the fresh air fanning the crowned Perugia. Never shall we see again those other lovely places, of which the loveliest is Verona. But the generous heart in every land beats strongly for Italy. From Italy we received, together with minor gifts, the first rudiments of eloquence, the first emotions of patriotism. If she conquered our ancestors, it was to civilise them; if she ruled them, it was under the tribunal of the laws. Italy is the common country, and ought to be the common care, of all the civilised throughout the world. To neglect her in the heaviness of her sorrows, in her struggles for life, is disgraceful. The nearest ought to run up first to her assistance, but timely services may be rendered to her by the more remote. My fears throb more strongly than my hopes. In the agony of desperation the oppressed of Europe may burst forth not simultaneously. Vainly do they look around for help or sympathy."

We have already far exceeded our limits. Without accepting all their opinions, and taking exception to a certain occasional extravagance, we recommend these letters as a strengthening and refreshing study for political readers.

## SYDENHAM PAPERS.—No. I.

Times are changed since the greatest conqueror of the age stretched his eagle glance into the far west and spied out these pleasant little isles; fruitful and fair then, but savage and suspicious of the foreign foot—a sort of Australia Antigua, with its flocks, and herds, and green pastures—the arts of life flourishing in Bushman simplicity, and artistic ambition satisfied with a tough shield and a handsome spear. But the bluff and bony old Julius was no dilettante, though he might have been fashionable enough to decorate his villa with a few Apollos and Venuses; he came, saw and conquered with an eye to business, and looked upon us from a colonist's point of view. Judging from his despatches, the keen old coloniser must have seen

there was good stuff in us barbarian islanders; one could fancy he liked the tough work they gave his legions in the waves at Dover, for your Roman's ideal of a man was "a fighter," and not a bad rudimentary organisation either. But now, if we could catch a real old Roman, and lead him in triumph along the Strand, as he served our Caractacus, how we should make him stare at his colonial produce, and how we should enjoy paying off the old grudge with the malicious whisper, that while he and his cousins the Greeks have retired to the Museums and live only in history, the rude islanders have been spanning the globe and holding up the light of knowledge to the nations.

Think how the Spartan blood has been tamed, and the Attic salt lost its savour; why, your modern Athenian couldn't be trusted with the Parthenon family plate, such was his converting propensity. What's Phidias to me or I to Pericles, says your modern acropolis stonemason, as he builds in a metope for a chimney, or chops up some torso over which the great sculptor of all time had sighed and thought his life away. What a strange development, that these heir-looms of art should come to be but so much stone in their own home, while to us, the once barbarian islanders, they have become priceless treasures—the sacred, inspired records of immortal art.

Look, too, at "the Eternal City," sitting on her seven hills like an idiot miser over the ruins of his treasure. The chair of Hadrian, filled by the august autocrat of all the consciences, who, oddly enough, protects his palace with the sacred works of Pagan art, and garrisons the capitol with an Antinous and a Venus more safely than with legions. Rome is still a shrine to which art-pilgrims flock to breathe a charmed air and wait for inspirations, but the art-life of Rome is sustained by foreign blood; the cry of "sculptor Romanus sum," is become as empty as "civis Romanus," &c.; the one calls up Gibson, the other a French grenadier. The centre of dogmatism, the city of forbidden books, where native talent exhausts its resources in the manufacture of Pietas and Virgins in endless copies, and every kind of veritable antique, cannot be the birthplace of the new and the strong in art; all there is solemn, suggestive, grand, but monumental;—the Hades of art.

This loss of power in the ancient centres of civilisation seems to suggest a necessity for change and renovation; we must have new races, new climates, new food, and new social conditions to secure that advance to which we all aspire. We speak of the march of civilisation, and such it is; the old camping ground is forsaken for fresh fields and pastures new; we can go back to the old resting-places by the tracks and the beacons that still remain, but before us lies the enticing Canaan of our hopes, the blue mysterious distance that cheers and tempts us ever with the desire to explore. We can measure our advance in our railways, steam-ships, and telegraphs, in the Titan reachings of science, in the love of nature and humanity, and in the struggle for free thoughts, with a frank and pure expression of them. Yet for the consummation so devoutly to be wished, experience would lead us to look still westward for the next remarkable events of civilisation, remembering also that some of the most important applications of science as well as the most daring experiments in social economy have been made, and are now progressing, in the new world of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Precious are the moments in a nation's life when the tide is to be seized; and happily for us the "situation" was perceived when the idea of the '51 Exhibition arose. That will be chronicled as an event in our history different from any that had preceded it. Its origin was eminently characteristic of the age, and its success showed the people were ripe for it. Full of enterprise to tax the most ardent energy, inspired with a warm feeling for the universal benefit of the race, and ennobled by the determination to sink all prejudices of race and soil in such a communion of the nations,—it was a council of art and industry.

Wherever we may choose to trace the first and full conception of this scheme, whether in the collective thought of that little knot of old Adelphi labourers, or in the one high head to which the command was afterwards so gracefully yielded, the grandeur and opportune fitness of the idea touched every mind with one conviction; all felt the motive to be noble, manly, generous, worthy the best efforts of a people first in machinery, manufacture, and commerce, and not second in art, science, and literature. The marvellous success that attended all stages of its progress, the struggles that broke down every obstacle, the enthusiasm and delight that burst upon the workers when their task was done, will never be forgotten;—a gigantic effort was made to show the world our power; the million yielded to the charm, took up the idea, and even called the place their own. Here would seem to be the strength of any similar undertaking; not in the mere show of the historical and the beautiful, which require a cultivated mind and a tutored eye, a refinement of an æsthetic kind that the "polloi" are not yet ready for. The sensation of amazement and wonder fades with repetition as rapidly as any other, and even the beauty of one that we love becomes invisible before the bright ideal of the heart,—we all demand some stirring interest of our own.

If you will visit the Sydenham Palace as a man of the world, to see how the people take it, you will notice how they wander with vacant wonder amongst the beauties of art; Byzantine may be Egyptian, and Moresque Italian, for all they care. On every side you will hear the popular voice exclaim, "it's all very pretty, and must have cost a sight of money, and we should like it very well if we could understand it." The real objects of interest presented to the shilling visitor are the eating and drinking courts, where he can be taught to contemplate the requirements of his inner man, after which, by an easy suggestion, you will find him amongst the stuffed animals, intensely taken up with the strange and questionable shapes of his fellow-man; he can do without Blumenbach and Pritchard, or even Latham, their own great progenitor here, because he can make his own comparisons; like the monkey at the looking-glass, he can study his own views of the development theory on the spot; he is touched with a fellow-feeling as he exclaims before the chimpanzee, "is he not a man and a brother!" Next you find him in the migratory bosom of his family, reposing after his labours, taking the air of the gardens, and again really enjoying the brass band: the last glimpse you get of him is in his natural element—the crowd at the railway station, vociferating how glad he is to have seen it,—and that he likes it almost as well as Cremorne!

## Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GUTHRIE.

### A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF SOCIETY.

[For the satisfaction of the reader, it may be noted that the papers which will appear under the above title are not only founded upon fact, but are literal records of facts. The writer of the diary was, for a considerable time, the curate of a large parish in England. We are committing no breach of private trust. It is obvious, from the opening words, that the fragments were intended for publication.]

It has often been said, let a man but write down his chapter of human experience; in the forcible language of truth let him make known his struggles; in the battle he has waged with ignorance and selfishness, let him exaggerate no triumph, conceal no defeat, and he will not fail to touch human hearts. One hears men talk of eventful lives. Why, every life is full of events. Seize upon the first wretched pauper that you meet—he could tell you things which should make your heart throb with pity or indignation. You—strong in intellect, knowing the world, exalted in social rank—would acknowledge that the vilest can claim brotherhood with the noblest. . . .

[We omit the rest of this, and pass on to the period when the writer was preparing for ordination.]

It was my fate to be ordained. Honestly, in looking back to the whole series of events, I cannot divine by what exertion of my own will, at any particular crisis, it could have been avoided. Of course, I might have withstood to the death. But, on the whole, I can say no more than this—I submitted to my fate. Knowing this beforehand, I trained myself into obedience. I am convinced that no disciple of Ignatius Loyola has ever gone through severer discipline, in obedience to the will of his superior, and "for the glory of God," than I did, in that most painful struggle between inclination and destiny. . . . Still, or perhaps as a consequence of this, I formed the most brilliant conceptions of my future career. I honoured, with all my soul, the office of the teacher. I dwelt, with extraordinary satisfaction, on the thought that some word of mine—spoken with authority—might ease an aching heart. I wrought myself into the conviction that I had a message to deliver, and that I could deliver it, most fitly, most beneficially, as an ordained Minister of the Church of England. I was mistaken; and to those who are in the same case as I was, I dedicate these fragments. I leave it to them to decide who was in the wrong.

What most offends me in the Church of England is its glaring inconsistency. Perpetually, in the Liturgy and elsewhere, it says one thing and means or does another. Very properly, no one should be presented for ordination who is deficient in learning, or in what is called "godly conversation." Of the godly conversation the less said the better; but no one who has been in the habit of mixing with the Church of England clergy will venture to say much for their general proficiency in any learning that has the most distant connexion with the requirements of this age. Why, then, perpetuate the farce of sending out men to teach, who lack the very essential quality of knowing what they should teach? Perhaps these Oxford commissioners may effect some change, if the Government is wise enough, and strong enough, to carry out what I am certain they will recommend.

Well—with no indefinite conception of what I was about to undergo, well versed in the subtle arguments by which men, too weak to face the real difficulty of the ordination service, explain it away, and thus tempt the younger clergy to play fast and loose with conscience—I presented myself to the bishop. I do not remember that I was ever so deeply shocked as when I walked through that noble park to the splendid old mansion that lay concealed within its woods. I knew it all before—I knew that bishops were very wealthy; but as the member of an ancient university—a Church of England institution—how could I be expected to chime in with the vile denunciations of the Radical Press, or the railings of the fierce Democracy? On that day, however, the unconscious indignation of a score of years was awakened in a moment. It was not the wealth—Heaven knows a bishop could find objects for charity that would swallow up an income tenfold that of the richest prelate—but it was the pomp and luxury—the powdered flunkies, who look down on humble curates with the scorn engendered by much wearing of purple coats—the intense conviction that, from all I knew of the man—this bishop, at least, did care for and idolise his wealth—it was all this, contrasted with the thought of the thousand beggars among whom I was to be sent, that drove the iron into my very soul.

We were to be examined. I remember, with painful distinctness, that I was imprisoned for three hours in a small room, to answer questions which are answered readily by national school children. Certainly I was made to write Latin, but I did not then, nor do I now, understand the connexion between writing Latin prose and teaching men the way to heaven. At all events, I know that I was not examined on subjects which I was about to teach. But, then, the bishop and the examiner had never had the charge of large parishes, and perhaps they did not know what was required of us. Let me admit, however, that this was an exceptional case. I could mention several bishops, who so manage their intercourse with candidates for ordination, that whole years of vexation and disappointment cannot efface the impression.

The examination was over. Often, during my life, I had listened to ordination sermons. I had been told that, in early times, the candidate passed the eve of his ordination in prayer and fasting. Wealthy canons had insisted on the necessity of self-denial. They had proved—oh! with how much force from the New Testament and the example of primitive saints—that it was only by strict subjection of the body that the soul could be brought into a fit condition for the work of the Christian ministry. I do not mean that we were invited to become ascetics. Few men go so far as that. But, most assuredly, I have yet to learn that a luxurious banquet is the best preparative for services so intensely solemn as those for the ordination of priests and deacons. For myself, I know that I was struck with a

painful sense of unreality. I thought then, and I think still, that whatever may be the customs of society, the clergy should at least endeavour to practise what they preach. They should give that one proof of their sincerity. They should stand forth to the world living examples of Christian virtues. As it is, the sight of one indolent priest does away with all the good that might be produced by a thousand sermons.

I arrived in my parish. I was now to test, by actual experience, the truth of theories which, as I have already said, I had forced myself to believe. It was a large seaport town in a manufacturing district, and contained a population of several thousand souls. To an earnest man, entering upon a work so serious as that of a Christian teacher, the prospect was appalling. No language can describe the filth, misery, and utter degradation in which a large proportion of the people were sunk. Even of the rich there were scarcely a dozen-families who could be described as belonging to the educated class. The majority of them had risen, by dint of honest industry, to the possession of considerable wealth; they were sharp-sighted, clever men of business; but their knowledge was confined to the laws of trade and commerce. Scarcely one could date the beginning of his good-fortune farther back than the last European war. And yet a more kindly-hearted, hospitable set of men it would be hard to find. It was some time before I discovered what a depth of selfishness and narrow-mindedness was concealed beneath so fair an exterior. Some of these people belonged to the class of liberal politicians, that is, they had voted for the Free-trade candidate, and were in favour of extending the franchise to their workmen. But these were exceptions to the general rule. The rest were obstinately convinced that Sir Robert Peel was a traitor to his country, and, at the time of which I speak, would have willingly seen that eminent statesman carried off to the Tower, and imprisoned for life. Hence, they were strongly opposed to all movements in favour of education, or any modern improvement whatever. They were profoundly convinced, that to promote such objects was to conspire against the British constitution. As for religion, it was quite enough to attend a Sunday service. There could be no connexion between that and the duties of common life.

Tradesmen, mechanics, and sailors made up the rest of the population. With persons of this class I had still to make acquaintance; but, at a glance, I saw enough to try the stoutest heart, the keenest intellect, the most consummate patience. The routine of daily and Sunday service was very simple, but it was impossible to be content with that. Had a clergyman no message to deliver except to the soul? Was it for me to witness social disorder and hesitate to proclaim the fact? Could I hold my peace in the presence of obstinate and wealthy ignorance? What was Christianity worth if it had no power to heal the ills of poverty, to speak to human hearts from a human point of view, to tell men something of the laws that should regulate society? I knew something of the questions which were vexing the very heart of English life. I was the appointed teacher of hundreds who would never enter the place where I was to speak to them. According to a common theory among churchmen, I could hold no intercourse with them except on terms which they could not accept and I would not impose. They were used as instruments for making gold—slaves of slaves in this old land of freedom—and yet, though their masters would not or could not know it, they had hearts to love and brains to think. Even more than this—they were "feeling after" mighty truths, which sooner or later must change the whole face of things. Could I lend them no helping hand, or would they accept the proffered aid from one whose very office must create suspicion? H.

## The Arts.

### THE SPANISH DANCERS.

For some reason or other the national dance of Spain seems never destined to acclimatise itself in England. In Paris a troupe of Andalusian Gharway may be periodically looked for; and for half a dozen weeks in the spring they create a periodical sensation. But in England the importation has never quite succeeded; Spanish dances do not go down among us unless they are "interpreted," as musical critics say, by dancers not Spanish, and so rendered more civilised and less characteristic. We cannot assign any special reason for this comparative failure of the Iberian Terpsychore, unless it be that to our grim countrymen, and intensely conscious countrywomen (whose favourite dances are something between a fatigued embrace and a fashionable lounge) all those contortions of real feeling are an irritation, and an offence against conventional feeling. Perhaps the animalism is not sentimental enough, and the modesty is too fierce. We know not. The reception, however, of the troupe at the Haymarket was enthusiastic on the first evening, though there appeared some bewilderment and uncertainty in the audience at the meaning of the "local colour" which the groupings and tambourines were intended to convey. We cannot say that we found the personnel very attractive. The star of the company, Senora Nina Perea, suggests too forcibly, by her decisive force of manner and her uncompromising haughtiness that unpleasant custom of carrying a dagger in the stocking, which volatile adorers are apt to be reminded of in Spain. The chief male dancer looks more like the father than the lover of the terrible Nina. There was a sameness and a want of charm in the selection of the figures; we missed "El Ole" and the maddening "Jota Aragonesa;" we who have dwelt *tro los montes*, failed to recognise all the ease, the grace, the passionate abandon, and the impetuous coquetry, broken by pauses of voluptuous shrinking and repose, which are familiar to our recollections of Seville and Cadiz. Alas! in Andalusia youth and beauty ripen soon and wither early! These national dances of Spain are a perfect drama of southern passion; its wild and wayward intensity, its diabolical coquetry, its mad oblivious self-sacrifice, its jealousies, languors, storms, reconciliations; and they belong only to the children of the sun! E. P.

Now that we have an interval of real summer weather the public should take every advantage of it. And in spite of all that is said about the want of public places of amusement in this country, we are not, after all, so badly off as is sometimes made out. For persons who wish to escape for a few hours from the smoke and dust of London, we have no more pleasant resort than Cremorne. Who would not rather dine in the midst of fresh air, and within hearing of pleasant music, than in a dingy coffee-house, with an oveny atmosphere? H.



## HEALTH OF LONDON.

(From the Registrar-General's Return.)

A thousand and fifteen deaths were registered in London in the week that ended last Saturday, a number which slightly exceeds that of the previous week. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1844-53 the average number was 936, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1030. Hence it appears that the mortality of last week was below the calculated result, but differs from it only to a small amount.

**POPERY.**—"The clergy here are beginning to suspect that mitres, to be safe, should have the same ribbons to fasten them on as were woven for the appendages of the triple crown. We must hold our peace on this subject. Popery in another form is rising up in our own land. Mormons have their infallible and irresponsible priests, who also grant indulgences. You may possess your brace or leash of wives if you can pay the priest for them. You may enjoy the privilege of seeing the covers and clasps of a book that came down from heaven, superseding not only the Bible, but even the Decretals: you may consult the Fathers of the Church face to face, and communicate with their sisters and daughters in the flesh. Nevertheless, I doubt whether John Milton or John Bunyan would have entered into this community, although there is nothing to scare them on the Salt Lake similar to that which scared them on the Seven Hills—that is to say, idolatry. Half a century ago, it was believed that fanaticism was drawing to a close. But human nature is fond of excitement. At one time there are love-feasts; at another time blood-feasts. It is bad enough (so thinks an old bachelor) to have a couple of wives in the house; yet even this is more tolerable than a single upright stick in the market-place. America has at present a good quantity of religions in the market: prudent men will deal with chapmen and hucksters the most reasonable and civil; not with such as, when you ask for a parsnip, tell you that a potato is better adapted to your constitution, and insist on your taking it home, and on your dressing it according to their family cookery-book."—*Letters of an American.*

**MAHOMETANISM.**—"The advent of Mahomet did produce a real and effectual revolution. Whatever may be the fables which this legislator added to the more ancient, to which the Arabs, like all other Orientals, were much addicted, he brought his auditors back from idolatry to the worship of one only and purely spiritual God. He had little chance with the Jews, who did not want him, and whom he did not want; he borrowed from them nothing but the example, the practice, and the authority of Moses. He saw the countrymen of this lawgiver obedient to his laws. Turning his eyes in every other direction, he saw people who professed the Christian religion, not following the paths of Christ, but stopping to fight on the public road; he saw many who held the clothes of the fighters, running off with them and their contents. This was his time; and he seized it. His creed, like the sands of his country, flew far across the borders, and found nothing to scorch up but weeds."—*Letters of an American.*

**AUSTRIA PROPER.**—"Austria is but a name; her strength is all external. Lopped off Hungary, lopped off Lombardy, and what is left? a dinner-table, a whist-table, and a billiard-table. Both Austria and Russia can and must be reduced to their elements."—*Letters of an American.*

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

**GRANT.**—July 16, at Bourne-mouth, Hants, the Hon. Mrs. Grant, of Grant, prematurely: a daughter, still-born.  
**MONTGOMERY.**—July 18, at 54, Grovesnor-place, the wife of Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., M.P.: a daughter.  
**VILLIERS.**—July 18, at St. James's-square, Bath, the wife of W. G. Villiers, Esq.: a daughter.  
**WALTER.**—July 20, at 40, Upper Grovesnor-street, the wife of J. Walter, Esq., M.P.: a son.

## MARRIAGES.

**AMES-PÖRLZIG.**—July 18th, at Poelsig, Altenburg, Ger. many, George Aeland, eldest son of George Henry Ames, Esq., of Cote-house, near Bristol, to Clara Henrietta Marie, Comtesse de Poelsig, eldest daughter of Obriast and Commandeur Graf von Poelsig, of Poelsig, Altenburg.  
**ANSTY-CHASE.**—July 13, at Rugby, the Rev. Henry Anstey, M.A., Assistant Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham, son of the Rev. Charles A. Anstey, to Anna Maria, third daughter of the late John Woodford Chase, Esq., formerly Captain in her Majesty's Seventieth Regiment of Foot.  
**BURY-WOOD.**—July 20, at the Cathedral, Barbadoes, the Hon. Alfred Bury, Sixty-ninth Regiment, A.D.C., third son of the late Earl of Charleville, to Emily Frances, third daughter of His Excellency Lieut.-Gen. Wood, C.B., K.H., Commander of the Forces in the Windward and Leeward Islands.  
**LIPPINCOTT-DAVIS.**—July 18, at Compton Greenfield Church, Robert Cann Lippincott, Esq., of Over-court, in the county of Gloucester, to Julia Sullivan, third daughter of Sir John Francis Davis, Bart., K.C.B., of Hollywood, in the same county.

## DEATHS.

**ABERNETHY.**—July 14, at York-terrace, Regent's-park, Anne, relict of the late J. Abernethy, Esq., F.R.S., aged seventy-five.  
**BUTLER.**—June 22, at Silistria, in Turkey, aged twenty-seven, of a wound he received whilst bravely and heroically defending that fortress, Captain James Armar Butler, of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, fourth son of Lieutenant-General the Hon. H. E. Butler.  
**BECKETT.**—April 30, at Melbourne, Australia, Eliza, wife of Thomas Turner & Beckett, Esq.  
**BIDDULPH.**—July 15, at Birbury Hall, Warwickshire, Sir Theophilus Biddulph, Bart., in his seventieth year.  
**CLARKE.**—July 15, at Highgate, Thomas Clarke, Esq., Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, aged sixty-five.

**FILMER.**—July 18, at 90, Eaton-square, Catherine, the eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart., M.P., aged twenty-one.  
**HENDERSON.**—July 12, at sea, on his return to England: Rear-Admiral of the White, W. W. Henderson, C.B., K.H., late Commander-in-Chief on the south-east coast of South America.  
**MORETON.**—July 15, at Bombridge, Isle of Wight, the Hon. Augustus John Francis Moreton, aged seventy-six.

## Commercial Affairs.

## MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, July 21, 1854.

The settling on the July Consols account has passed off much more quietly than had been anticipated. Only two small failures, of an insignificant extent, have occurred; and it must be now fairly presumed that the great Bear party, which held out so long and so obstinately, has at last given in. There has been a slight rise within the last two days, owing to finer weather and an easier state of the Money Market; but so surely as Consols are forced up to beyond their value, than a new Bear party will arise, gathering as it grows, and send them down 8 or 10 per cent. again. The prolongation of this most unsatisfactory war—the miserable imbecility and indecision of the Coalition Ministry—and the criminal apathy of the worst House of Commons that we have had since Walpole—must make reflective men anxious and fearful.

It would seem that even with the active co-operation of the two Germanic powers the war must last over the winter, unless the cholera seizes the East, of which we presume there is a chance; and a winter's delay will sicken the non-combatants, while it demoralizes the actual combatants. Meantime, Nicholas will be gaining ground, and by the help of his active agents—the Manchester school—in this country, may be in a better position at the opening of the next spring than at the close of the autumn. Whether this all-enduring country will quietly submit to a present disgrace and future danger, will be then the question: judging from their present inertness, they will acquiesce and submit. The Funds meantime must undergo violent changes; and we still maintain that, with Consols at 94, it is more prudent to be a Bear than a Bull. Shares have been weaker during the week throughout all the markets. French shares still keep up.

Since this morning there has been a fall in the Funds, despite of the fineness of the day; perhaps some holders of Three per Cents. may not implicitly believe the Coalition assurances that only 3 millions will be needed. Nearer 10 millions, and a loan before Parliament breaks up, will let down the Funds 5 per cent.;—and is it not possible?

Crystal Palace shares have fluctuated; there are buyers now at par. Some good men believe that they will eventually declare a good dividend.

Mining shares are entirely neglected; the traffic in them has actually ceased, except in isolated instances.

At 4 o'clock the markets closed. Consols for account, 92½.

Consols, 92½; Caledonian, 92½; Chester and Holyhead, 15½; Eastern Counties, 13½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 60; Great Western, 70; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 60; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 100; London and North-Western, 104; London and South-Western, 83½; Midland, 66½; North Staffordshire, 41; 4 dis.; Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, 32; Scottish Central, 92; South Eastern, 63½; South Wales, 35½; York, Newcastle, and Berwick, 73½; York and North Midland, 54; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 31; 3 dis.; East Indian, 1½; 2 pm. ex.; Luxembourg, constituted, 3½; Madras, 1 dis.; 4 pm.; Namur and Liege (with interest), 7½; Northern of France, 32½; Paris and Lyons, 17½; 17½ pm.; Paris and Orleans, 45; 47; Paris and Rouen, 40; 42; Rouen and Havre, 22½; 23½; Paris and Strasbourg, 30½; 31½; Sambre and Meuse, 54; 9; West Flanders, 31; 41; Western of France, 5; 6 pm.; Aqua Frias, 4 dis. par.; Anglo Californian, 1½; Colonial Gold, 1½; Carson's Creek, 1½; Linares (lead), 94; 101; Imperial Brazil, 31; 41; St. John del Rey, 27; 29; Tartarus (lead), 4 dis.; Peninsular (lead), 1½; New Linares (lead), 4 dis.; United Mexican (silver), 34; 4; Pontigbauds (silver and lead), 16; 17; Australasian 83; 85; Australian Agricultural, 44½; 45½; Crystal Palace, 44½; London Chartered Bank of Australia, 20; 21; Oriental Bank, 46; 48; Union of Australia, 72; 74; South Australian Land, 54; 56; North British Australian Loan and Land, 1; 1; Scottish Australian Investment, 14; 14 pm.

## CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, July 21.

**LOCAL TRADE.**—The market continues in the same quiet state as during the last fortnight. The little disposition to purchase Wheat either by millers or dealers, makes holders unwilling to talk about lower prices, and quotations must therefore be considered nominally the same as on Monday. Barley and Oats remain precisely as at the beginning of the week.

Since this day week the trade throughout the country has remained in the quiet state which the fine weather gave reason to expect. The general decline in the value of Wheat has been 2s. to 4s., of Barley 1s. to 2s., and of Oats 1s. per quarter. The reports of the crops from all parts of England as well as from Scotland and Ireland vary but little. The Wheat looks well, but there is unquestionably a considerable quantity of blight of various kinds, which may prove sufficient to prevent the crop giving a very large yield. There is as usual some appearance of blight also among the Potatoes, both in England and Ireland; but as regards the latter country we do not think there is reason for much apprehension on that account, as Potatoes are much less of a staple than formerly.

The reports from France are of a similar character. The harvest has already begun in the midland districts, and though wet weather may impair the condition, it will scarcely affect the quantity of grain.

Prices have rather risen in the Paris districts owing to the lightness of stocks, but it is not believed that this can continue beyond a few weeks. The French Government has made some purchases of Wheat, which has been partly furnished from the London market. The crops in the north of Germany are progressing favourably. In the absence of demand from this side, business in the Baltic ports has been flat during the last week. In Denmark prices remained much as before; the crops in that country look well. In America, the state of the Money Market (owing to most extensive forgeries and the accounts from this side),

has caused dull markets both for Wheat and Flour. The crops generally are well spoken of, but in Ohio some extensive damage has been done by weevil—to what extent is not stated, but the loss is reported to be undoubtedly serious. Notwithstanding the dull state of the trade, there have been a great number of sales at 63s. for 61 lb. English for present delivery, whereas a week ago but few persons had made up their minds to accept such prices. There has been some talk of farmers selling their new crops at 60s. per quarter, and it may still be gathered from the general tone of remarks that this is about the price at which the new season is expected to open.

It may be interesting to know that the quantities of Grain on passage from Alexandria to this country are about as follows:—Wheat, 30,553 quarters; Beans, 44,306 quarters; Maize, 21,275 quarters; Barley, 17,760 quarters.

As regards prices of Grain, floating or f. o. b., quotations are almost nominal. However, they are those at which purchases may be made:—Polish Oats 58s. to 60s., Galatz 56s., Maranopolis 60s., Egyptian 38s., cost, freight, and insurance. Stearin, red, 60 lb., or white 59 to 60 lb., 62s. Rostock 61 lb. 60s., Wismar 61 lb. 60s., cost and freight. Egyptian Beans 38s., Egyptian and similar Barley 22s. to 24s., Maize 32s., cost, freight, and insurance.

Some Bills of Lading of Archangel Oats have come to hand, and several cargoes have been sold at 25s. and 25½, cost, freight, and insurance.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.  
(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	211	211	211	210	210½	210½
3 per Cent. Red.	92½	93	92	91½	92½	92½
3 per Cent. Con. An.	92½	92½	91½	92½	91½	92½
Consols for Account	92½	92½	91½	92½	92½	92½
3½ per Cent. An.	93½	93½	92½	92½	92½	92½
New 3½ per Cent.	4 9-16	4 11-16	4 9-16	4 9-16	4 9-16	4 9-16
Long Ann. 1860	220½	220½	220	227	227	227
India Stock	220½	220½	220	227	227	227
Ditto Bonds, £1000	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p
Ditto, under £1000	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p	2 3 p
Ex. Bills, £1000	3 p	3 p	3 p	3 p	3 p	3 p
Ditto, £500	3 p	3 p	3 p	3 p	3 p	3 p
Ditto, Small	par	5 p	5 p	1 p	par	1 p

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Brazilian Bonds	99½	Russian Bonds, 5 per	
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents.		Cents 182½	97½
Chilian 3 per Cents.	72	Russian 4½ per Cents.	82
Danish 5 per Cents.		Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.	18
Ecuador Bonds		Spanish Committee Cert.	
Mexican 3 per Cents.	24½	of Coup. not fun.	34
Mexican 3 per Ct. for		Venezuela 3½ per Cents.	
Act.		Belgian 4½ per Cents.	
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	30	Dutch 2½ per Cents.	60½
Portuguese 5 p. Cents.		Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	90½

## OPERA COMIQUE, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Final Arrangements and last Performances of Madame Marie Cabel.

Monday, July 24, LA SIRENE. Zerlina, Madame Marie Cabel.

Wednesday, July 26, (Madame Cabel's Benefit) FLORE ET ZEPHYRE; after which, by desire, LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

Friday, July 28, (for the first time) LE DOMINO NOIR.

Saturday, July 29, LES DIAMANTS DE LA COURONNE.

Boxes and Stalls at the Box-office, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

## ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.

Monday and during the week will be presented a new Farce, called

## PERFECT CONFIDENCE.

Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, Emery, F. Robinson, Miss Marston, Miss E. Ormonde, and Miss E. Turner.

After which the new Comedietta, called

## HEADS OR TAILS?

Characters by Messrs. Emery, A. Wigan, F. Robson, Miss Marston, and Mrs. A. Wigan.

To conclude with

## HUSH MONEY.

Mr. Jasper Touchwood, Mr. F. Robson; Tom Tiller, Mr. Emery; Sally, Mrs. Alfred Wigan.

## CRYSTAL PALACE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENT COURT.

Mr. Wm. REA has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry that he will, next Saturday, perform a series of compositions on the New Repetition Grand Cottage Pianoforte. Manufactured and Exhibited by MESSRS. LEVESQUE, EDMUNDS, and CO., of 40, Cheapside. To commence at Three o'clock.

## RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

**THE MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS** is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 225, Piccadilly, London.

**ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c.** For VARI-COSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. Postage, 6d.

**DUTY OFF TEA.—THE REDUCTION**

of the TEA DUTY, and the easy state of the Tea-market, enables PHILLIPS and Company to SELL—

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 6d., 3s. 10d., and 3s. 12d. Souchong Tea, 2s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 6d. The Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, 4s. Prime Gunpowder Tea, 3s. 6d., 4s., and 4s. 6d. Best Mysore Gunpowder, 4s. 6d. The Best Pearl Gunpowder, 4s. 6d. Prime Coffee, 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d. The Best Mocha and the Best West India Coffee 1s. 4d. Sugars are supplied at market prices.

All goods sent carriage free, by our own vans, if within eight miles. Tea, coffee, and spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market-town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.

A general price-current sent free on application.

**ANOTHER REDUCTION OF FOUR-PENCE THE POUND IN THE DUTY ON TEA.**

In accordance with our usual practice of always being FIRST to give the Public the full ADVANTAGE of every REDUCTION in the value of our goods, we have at once lowered the price of all our Tea to the fullest extent of the REDUCTION OF DUTY; and we are determined, so far as we are concerned, that the Public shall reap the full benefit of this act of the Government.

	s.	d.
The Best Pekoe Congou .....	3	8 the pound.
Strong Breakfast ditto .....	3	6 "
Good sound ditto .....	2	6 "
Choice Gunpowder .....	2	5 "
Finest Young Hyson .....	4	4 "
Good Plantation Coffee .....	1	0 "
Cuba, Jamaica or Costa Rica .....	1	4 "
Choice old Mocha .....	1	6 "
The Best Homoeopathic Cocoa .....	1	0 "

For the convenience of our numerous customers, we retail the finest West India and Refined Sugars at market prices.

All goods delivered by our own vans, free of charge, within eight miles of London. Parcels of Tea and Coffee, of the value of Two Pounds sterling, are sent, carriage free, to any part of England.

CULLINGHAM AND COMPANY,  
Tea-merchants and Dealers,  
27, SKINNER-STREET, SNOW-HILL, CITY.

**DR. DE JONGH'S  
LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.**

PREPARED FOR MEDICINAL USE IN THE LOFFODEN ISLES, NORWAY, AND PUT TO THE TEST OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. THE MOST EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AND ALL SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

Approved of and recommended by BERKELEY, LIEBIG, WOHLER, JONATHAN PEREIRA, FOUGIER, and numerous other eminent medical men and scientific chemists in Europe.

Specially rewarded with medals by the Governments of Belgium and the Netherlands.

Has almost entirely superseded all other kinds on the Continent, in consequence of its proved superior power and efficacy—effecting a cure much more rapidly.

Contains iodine, phosphate of chalk, volatile acid, and the elements of the bile—in short, all its most active and essential principles—in larger quantities than the pale oils made in England and Newfoundland, deprived mainly of these by their mode of preparation.

A pamphlet by Dr. de Jongh, with detailed remarks upon its superiority, directions for use, cases in which it has been prescribed with the greatest effect, will be forwarded gratis on application.

The subjoined testimonial of the late Dr. JONATHAN PEREIRA, Professor at the University of London, author of "The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," is selected from innumerable others from medical and scientific men of the highest distinction—

"My dear Sir—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,  
(Signed) JONATHAN PEREIRA.

Finsbury-square, London, April 16, 1851.

"To Dr. de Jongh."

Sold WHOLESALE and RETAIL, in bottles, labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and signature, by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand.

Sole Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and British Possessions, and by all respectable Chemists and Vendors of Medicines in Town and Country, at the following prices—

IMPERIAL MEASURE.  
Half pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.

**A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.**

MR. HOWARD, SURGEON-DENTIST, 52, FLEET STREET, has introduced an ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.

52, FLEET STREET.—At home from Ten till Five.

**FENDERS, STOVES, and FIRE-IRONS,**

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS, 25, Oxford-street (corner of Newman-street), Nos. 1 & 2, Newman-street, and 4 & 5, Perry's-place. They are the largest in the world, and contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, 27. 14s. to 57. 10s.; ditto next departure, 4th September. For MALTA and ALEXANDRIA on the 4th and 20th of the month. For VIGO, OPORTO, LISBON, CADIZ, and GIBRALTAR, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month. MARSEILLES to MALTA.—The Company's new and fast Steam-ships VALETTA and VECTIS are dispatched from MARSEILLES to MALTA on the 10th and 25th of every month (in connexion with the Southampton Packets of the 4th and 20th of the month).

For further information, and tariffs of the Company's rates of passage-money, and freight, &c., apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, London; and Oriental-place, Southampton.

**BATHS and TOILETTE WARE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON**

has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the DISPLAY of BATHS and TOILETTE WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices, proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillow Showers, 3s. to 6s.; Nursery 13s. 6d. to 32s.; Sponging, 15s. to 32s.; Hip, 14s. to 31s. 6d. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower Baths.—Toilette Ware in great variety from 15s. 6d. to 42s. the Set of Three.

**THE BEST SHOW of IRON BED-STEADS IN THE KINGDOM**

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. He has TWO VERY LARGE SHOW-ROOMS, which are devoted to the EXCLUSIVE SHOW of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots (with appropriate Bedding and Mattresses). Common Iron Bedsteads, from 17s. 6d.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 21s.; and Cots, from 21s. each. Handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from 21. 18s. to 137. 18s.

**PAPIER MACHE and IRON TEA-TRAYS.**

An assortment of Tea Trays and Waiters, wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New Oval Papier Maché Trays, per set of three ... from 30s. 6d. to 10 guineas.  
Ditto, Iron ditto ... from 13s. 6d. to 4 guineas.  
Convex shape ditto ... from 7s. 6d.  
Round and Gothic waiters, cake and bread baskets, equally low.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has TEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS (all communicating) exclusive of the Shop, devoted solely to the show of GENERAL FURNISHING IRON-MONGERY (including cutlery, nickel silver, plated and japanned wares, iron and brass bedsteads, and bedding) so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); Nos. 1, 2, and 3, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

Malt Tax, addition of 50 per Cent.

**BASS'S EAST INDIA PALE ALE.**

BERRY BROTHERS and CO. take the liberty of announcing that they have now on hand, in cask and bottle, an ample supply of BASS'S PALE ALE, with all its accustomed beauty of flavour and delicacy of colour, and WITHOUT ANY ADVANCE IN PRICE. 3, St. James's-street, London.

**WILLIAM STEVENS, Sole Agent,**

continues supplying the Public with the METROPOLITAN and PROVINCIAL JOINT-STOCK BREWERY COMPANY'S ALES and STOUT, in Bottles of the Standard Imperial Measure, at the prices below—

	s.	d.
Ale or Stout .....	6	per doz.
Do do .....	3	9 "
Do do .....	2	3 "

All Orders to be sent to the Wholesale and Retail Stores, 13, Upper Wellington-street, Strand.

Terms Cash. WILLIAM STEVENS, Sole Agent.  
The Company's Goods supplied in Casks to Families.

**THE CHOLERA!!!**

Prevented by the destruction of all noxious effluvia. CREW'S DISINFECTING FLUID, recommended by the College of Physicians, the Cheapest and strongest Chloride of Zinc. Quarts, 2s.; pints, 1s.; half-pints, 6d. Sold by all Chemists, Druggists, and Shipping Agents, and at Commercial Wharf, Mile-end, London.

**THE MOST CERTAIN PREVENTION**

OF CHOLERA YET DISCOVERED.—Further Great Reduction in Price.—CREW'S DISINFECTING FLUID is the Best and Cheapest for the purification of Dwelling Houses, Stables, Dog Kennels, Ships' Holds, Cess-pools, Drains, Water Closets, &c., the Disinfection of Sick Rooms, Clothing, Linen, and for the Prevention of Contagion and Bad Smells.

The extraordinary power of this Disinfecting and purifying Agent is now acknowledged, and its use recommended by the College of Physicians. Unlike the action of many other disinfectants, it destroys all noxious smells, and is itself scentless. The manufacturer, having destroyed a monopoly fostered by the false assumption of the title of a patent, has to warn the public against all spurious imitations. Each Bottle of Crew's Disinfecting Fluid contains a densely concentrated solution of Chloride of Zinc, which may be diluted for use with 200 times its bulk of water. Full instructions accompanying each bottle. Sold by all Chemists and Shipping Agents in the United Kingdom. Imperial quarts at 2s.; pints at 1s.; half-pints 6d.; larger vessels at 5s. per gallon. Manufactured at H. G. GRAY'S, Commercial Wharf, Mile-end, London.

**STEAM to INDIA, CHINA, and AUSTRALIA, &c.**

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's Steamers, carrying her Majesty's mails and despatches, start from Southampton for the undermentioned ports, as follows—

For ADEN, CEYLON, MADRAS, CALCUTTA, PUNJAB, SINGAPORE, and HONG KONG, on the 4th and 20th of every month.

For ADELAIDE, PORT PHILIP, and SYDNEY (touching at BATAVIA), on the 4th of every alternate month; next departure, 4th September.

For MALTA and ALEXANDRIA on the 4th and 20th of the month.

For VIGO, OPORTO, LISBON, CADIZ, and GIBRALTAR, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month.

MARSEILLES to MALTA.—The Company's new and fast Steam-ships VALETTA and VECTIS are dispatched from MARSEILLES to MALTA on the 10th and 25th of every month (in connexion with the Southampton Packets of the 4th and 20th of the month).

For further information, and tariffs of the Company's rates of passage-money, and freight, &c., apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, London; and Oriental-place, Southampton.

**ELASTIC SUPPORTING BELTS, of the same beautiful fabric as POPE and PLANT'S**

ELASTIC STOCKINGS for VARICOSE VEINS.—These for ladies' use, before and after accouchement, are admirably adapted for giving adequate support with EXTREME LIGHTNESS—a point little attended to in the comparatively clumsy contrivances and fabrics hitherto employed. Instructions for measurement and prices on application, and the articles sent by post from the manufacturers, Pope and Plante, 4, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London.

**FUTVOYE'S WEDDING and BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.**

This Establishment is allowed to possess the largest and choicest variety of English and foreign fancy goods, both valuable and inexpensive, consisting of jewellery, watches, clocks, bronzes, dressing and writing cases, fancy leather, pearl and tortoiseshell goods, paper maché, &c., many of which are admirably adapted for presents; and, from the already well known extensive nature of Messrs. Futvoye's wholesale transactions, apart from this Establishment, they are enabled to supply the best workmanship, combined with moderate charges, which, it is scarcely necessary to state, can only be effected in such cases. Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street. Wholesale and Export Warehouse, 28 and 29, Silver-street; 34, Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Illustrated catalogues sent free on application.

**SHOOTING SEASON, 1854.****F. JOYCE'S ANTI-CORROSIVE PERCUSSION CAPS.****THE Nobility, Gentry, and Sporting**

World at large, are respectfully informed, that these well-tried Detonators, warranted in every respect, which have now stood the test of many years' experience, both at home and abroad, may be had as usual of Messrs. J. Bluch and Son, 29, Gracechurch-street; H. Beck with, M. Skinner-street; Parker, Field, and Sons, 233, High Holborn; J. C. Reilly, 302, New Oxford-street; W. Cogswell, 224, Strand; W. Moore and Grey, 43, Old Bond-street; S. Neek and Co., 118, Jernyn-street; H. Tatham, 37, Charing-cross; T. Bus, 73, St. James's-street; and of most respectable Gun-makers and Dealers in Gunpowder throughout the United Kingdom. To prevent accident and disappointment to purchasers, from the use of spurious imitations, they are requested to observe the name and address of F. JOYCE, ORIGINAL INVENTOR and SOLE MANUFACTURER, on each Sealed Packet, without which they are not genuine. This precaution is rendered necessary by some unprincipled individuals having imitated the Labels and Wrappers.

Tubes, Foil Covered Caps, Wire Cartridges and Waddings of every description.

Wholesale Warehouse, 57, Upper Thames-street.

**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH**

(used in Her Majesty's Laundry), and WORMSPOON Machine-made CONFECTIONERY, MARMALADE, JAMS, JELLIES, &c. (which gained the Prize Medal of 1851). May be had of all Grocers; wholesale of Wetherpoon, Mackay, and Co., 66, Queen-street, Chesham, London.

**STAYS SUPERSEDED.****GREAT EXHIBITION ELASTIC BODICE.**

DICE.—Stiff stays destroy natural grace, produce deformity, and implant disease. Curvature of the spine, consumption, and a host of evils arise from their use. MARTIN'S ELASTIC BODICE is without whalebone or lacing, at the same time furnishing a sufficient support, and imparting to the figure that natural elegance, which is quite impossible under the pressure which in the great aim, as mischief is the certain end, of all kinds of stays. The time and patience of the wearer are also spared, by a simple fastening in front, to obviate the trouble of lacing. Can be sent by post.

To be obtained only of the Inventors and Manufacturers, E. and E. H. MARTIN, 504, New Oxford-street.

A Prospectus, &c., on receipt of a stamp.

**CAUTION.—To Tradesmen, Merchants,**

Shippers, Outfitters, &c.—Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge, that some unprincipled person or persons have, for some time past, been imposing upon the public by selling to the trade and others a spurious article under the name of BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK, this is to give notice, that I am the original and sole proprietor and manufacturer of the said article, and do not employ any traveller, or authorise any persons to represent themselves as coming from my establishment for the purpose of selling the said ink. This caution is published by me to prevent further imposition upon the public, and serious injury to myself. E. B. BOND, sole executrix and widow of the late John Bond, 28, Long-lane, West Smithfield.

\*To avoid disappointment from the substitution of counterfeits, be careful to ask for the genuine Bond's Permanent Marking Ink, and further to distinguish it, observe that NO SIXPENNY SIZE is, or has at any time, been prepared by him, the inventor and proprietor.



**UNITED MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 54, Charing-cross.**  
Policies indisputable.  
No charge for Policy Stamps.  
Whole profits divided annually.  
Assurances on the strictly mutual principle.  
Invalid lives assured at equitable rates.  
THOMAS PRITCHARD, Resident Director.

**MITRE GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY ASSOCIATION.**  
No. 23, Pall-mall.

Established 1845. Protective Capital, 100,000l.  
Assurances effected on either the Mutual or Non-participating system.  
The very moderate rates of premium (on the non-participating scale) of this Society are specially applicable to the case of creditors requiring collateral security for loans and mortgages. Example: Premium for assuring 1000l. at age thirty-one, 10l. 2s. 6d. Average Premium of Mutual Offices 27l. 5s. Annual saving 4l. 5s. 10d., equivalent to a Bonus of 23l. 5s. 7d.; or to a Policy of 1315l. 5s. 7d.  
**INCREASING ANNUITIES (ON THE MUTUAL PRINCIPLE).**

Notice.—All Annuitants entering before the 1st of January next will come into the Division of Profits to be declared in the year 1855. All expenses of the Annuity Deed are defrayed by the Association.

More detailed information will be readily furnished on application, by letter or otherwise, to the Secretary, at the Mitre Life Office, No. 23, Pall-mall, London.  
Active agents required in such districts as are not already represented. Remuneration liberal.  
WILLIAM BRIDGES, Secretary.

Just published, price One Shilling.  
**THE PRUDENT MAN; or, How to Acquire Land and Reap the Money, by Means of Co-operation.**

By WILLIAM BRIDGES.  
With a Draft Set of Rules for the Formation of Benefit, Emigration, and Land Societies, by Arthur Scratchley, M.A. London and New York: H. BALLIERE, Regent-street, and Broadway.

**SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**  
INSTITUTED 1831.

PRESIDENT.  
His Grace the DUKE OF BUCCHLEUCH and QUEENS-BERRY, K.G.

MANAGER.—ROBERT CHRISTIE, Esq.  
SECRETARY.—WILLIAM FINLAY, Esq.  
HEAD OFFICE.

24, ST. ANDREW-SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

The Twenty-Third Annual General Meeting of this Society was held at Edinburgh, on 2nd May, 1854; William Stuart Walker, Esq. of Bowland, in the Chair.

The Report read to the Meeting, and which was unanimously approved, contained the following particulars:—

The number of Policies issued during the year ending 1st March, is 620; the Sums Assured thereby being 223,715l., giving an addition to the Income in Annual Premiums of 6205l.

The Policies lapsed by death during the year are 84, the Sums Assured by which amount to 49,850l., and the Bonus Additions to 8482l., making together 58,332l.

In comparing these sums with the amounts for the preceding year, they exhibit an increase of 17 in the number of new Policies, and of about 6000l. in the Sums Assured.

The increase, though of moderate amount, must be considered satisfactory, especially when regard is had to the great competition which now exists in the business of Life Assurance.

The number of Policies lapsed by death is four under that of last year, and the amount payable nearly 7000l. less. Keeping in view the additions made to the business, and the increased age of the Members of the Society, these are most gratifying circumstances.

The Sums remaining Assured amount to 4,234,598l.  
The Annual Revenue amounts to 152,615l.

And the Accumulated Fund is increased to 839,354l.  
\* Medical Referees paid by the Society.

**VIEW OF THE PROGRESS AND SITUATION OF THE SOCIETY.**

	Amount Assured.	Annual Revenue.	Accumulated Fund.
At 1st March, 1836	£ 642,871	£ 21,916	£ 40,974
Do. 1842	1,655,967	61,851	191,496
Do. 1848	2,984,878	110,700	445,673
Do. 1854	4,234,598	152,615	839,354

**POLICIES RENDERED INDISPUTABLE.**

By a Resolution of the Society, Policies may, after being of five years' endurance, be declared indisputable on any ground whatever, and the Assured be entitled to travel or reside beyond the limits of Europe, without payment of Extra Premium for such travelling or residence. Special application must be made to the Directors for such privileges, however, and satisfactory evidence adduced that at the time of his application the Assured has no prospect or intention of going beyond the limits of Europe.

The Amount of Claims paid to the Representatives of deceased Members exceeds

**SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.**

Copies of the Report, Proposals, and all other information, may be had on application to the Head Office in Edinburgh, to any of the Country Agents, and to the London Agency, 136, Bishopsgate-street.

London, June, 1854. WILLIAM COOK, Agent.

**BANK OF DEPOSIT,**  
No. 3, Pall-mall East, and 7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London.

Established May, 1844.  
Parties desirous of Investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect Security.

The Interest is payable in JANUARY and JULY, and for the convenience of parties residing at a distance may be received at the Branch Offices, or paid through Country Bankers, without expense.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.  
Prospectuses sent free on application.

Just published (price 2s. 6d., by post 3s.).  
**JOHN BULL; or, THE COMEDY OF 1854.**

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